The Saturday Evening Post

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DIED—AGED TWENTY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A broken lily from the stem!
The petals scattered ere the noon;
A star upon the early eve,
Shut out by clouds, and lost too soon.

A bright bird with his matin song,
Stilled in his throat by archer's shaft,
A perfume lost upon the breeze,
Red wine spilled out, the bead unquaffed.

A maiden halting at the door
Of careworn woman's weary day,
Called home unfaded, bright and pure,
Ere life's sweet matin passed away.

M. L. S. BURKE.

MADAME VANDERLIN'S MAID;

OR,

The Deed of a Night.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ELLA WHEELER.

THE WOMAN AT THE WINDOW.

A woman crouched in the shrubbery that grew close up to the long window, and peered eagerly in at the crevice between the lace curtains. A slender woman, dressed in sombre black, with a strangely worn, weary face, coarse, coal-black hair tightly knotted at the back of her head, and eyes of a light, sky blue, that looked odd in contrast with the coarse black hair.

Just now the pale eyes were dark and wide, with some half-suppressed emotion, and her small hands were clasped so tightly that the oval nails looked purple as she peered in at the window.

And yet all she saw was Guy Vanderlin, handsome, violet-eyed, golden-bearded, auburn-haired Guy Vanderlin, lounging gracefully upon the crimson sofa, and madame, seated upon a low ottoman, twining the soft rings of his hair around her tapering fingers, and smiling down into his face with her dark, languid eyes. Surely there was nothing in this little domestic "billing and cooing" to startle or disturb a casual observer. Newly married people are usually more or less demonstrative; and Madame La Motte, the beautiful widow of an absurdly wealthy old French nabob, who was so obliging as to die and leave his widow all his millions, had but just returned from a tour to the new world as Madame Vanderlin, wife of an aristocratic and handsome American. Had but just returned to *Paris*, that is, for the happy couple had spent more than a year in England, Ireland and Scotland since they left the shores of America, and were now sojourning a season in Paris, occupying madame's beautiful villa.

The woman crouching in the shrubbery saw madame's lips move, and heard the murmur of voices. She crept nearer to the window and placed her ear close to the glass.

"You do not *half* return my adoring love," madame was saying as she toyed with his auburn curls and smoothed his white brow with her soft, fair hands, "do not feel a tenth part of the love for me that I feel for you, I know."

Guy Vanderlin looked in the beautiful face bending over him with a passion that made the woman in the shrubbery grind her white teeth in horrible pain, as he answered in deep, low tones, "Love you, my darling? I love you with a passion that fills every portion of my being. The touch of your fingers, the glance of your eye, the sweep of your robe, or the sound of your voice will thrill me with such delicious ecstasy that it is almost pain. You are never absent from my mind, waking or sleeping, and I have no hopes, no thoughts, no desires, that are not associated with you. The most cruel agony that could come to me would be to live apart from you. The most excruciating tortures would be preferable to existence without you. Love you? Why, my life, my love, my soul, I have given up *everything* for you, and how can you doubt my love?"

Madame seemed satisfied with this passionate declaration, for her beautiful face flushed a soft color, her languid eyes grew luminous, and she clasped her rounded arms about his neck and laid her smooth cheek to his with murmured words of tenderness.

The woman in the shrubbery clasped her two hands over her mouth, as if to keep back a scream, and her whole form shook like a reed in the wind.

Madame unclasped her arms after a moment and rose to her feet.

"Come, come, Sir Guy," she said—she did not like the plain American *Mr.* and always addressed him as "Sir" Guy—"we must not dally the evening all away. You know the Countess Rilandi gives a fete in her grand saloons to-night, and we have promised to go. I must ring for Janet and have my hair dressed, and you, Sir Guy, order the carriage to come for us after an hour and a half. We do not care to be early."

Sir Guy arose from the sofa and stood by madame's side. They were a grand looking couple; he tall, broad-shouldered, erect of carriage, strong of limb and blonde faced; she queenly in her proportions, voluptuous in her figure, every curve full of matchless grace, dark and sparkling. Sir Guy put his white hand upon her long black hair as it fell in loose coils adown her shoulders.

"I like your hair *this* way best," he said, "but I suppose it must be put up for the countess's fete."

"Indeed it must!" answered madame, laughing; and Janet is a perfect jewel in her way. She dresses my hair beautifully."

Sir Guy shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you know that I have an unconquerable aversion to that new maid?" he said.

"What! Janet?"

"Yes, Janet. I shiver whenever she looks at me, as she seldom does, however, with those odd, pale eyes. And her coarse mat of black hair always seems to me like a nest of black snakes. And then the invariable rusty black dress that she wears is somehow very depressing to my spirits. She seems like some witch. Where did you get her, anyhow?"

"Why, don't you remember? it was in London, and Christie married a cook at one of the hotels, and I was in distress at being left alone when Janet came to me. I did not like her odd face and dress at first, but thought I would take her until I could do better, but at the end of a week she had become invaluable to me, and now I would not part with her. She is neat and handy and skillful, and does me so many little services. I am sorry you dislike her so. But now go, sir, and order the carriage, and then come back to me. I do not like to have you out of my sight long at a time. Hasten back, and after Janet dresses my hair we will have some coffee and cake while waiting for the carriage."

Guy kissed her tenderly, as he always did, though leaving her for ever so short a time, and then went to order the carriage.

The woman in the shrubbery, who had been listening and watching all this time, ground her white teeth again and muttered under her breath, "To-night, to-night, it shall be to-night." And then, as the sharp ring of the bell fell upon her ear, she rose from her hiding place and fled away.

Two moments later madame's maid entered the room with her usual gliding, noiseless motion, and her worn, pallid face calm and expressionless as marble. With deft fingers she arranged the silken coils of madame's purple black hair, fastening it with diamond-headed pins, and winding it about the graceful head in twists and braids, with a few heavy curls falling over one shoulder.

"Now my crimson satin, Janet, and my diamond ear drops and necklace." And Janet robed her mistress in the crimson satin, and hung the diamond necklace, and fastened the diamond drops in the small pink ears.

"Would madame look in the mirror?" And madame looked, and her eyes sparkled brighter than her diamonds.

"I never looked so well in all my life!" she cried. "Why, Janet, if you know this way of doing my hair why have you never dressed it so before? It is perfectly beautiful!"

Janet lifted her pale eyes to madame's face, and a strange light shot into them.

"I was saving it for some grand occasion," she said. "Madame never was dressed for so grand an occasion before since I lived with her, and I have done my utmost to make her beautiful. I am glad she is pleased."

Guy came in just then, and his eyes lighted as they fell upon the radiant vision before him.

"Queen of beauty!" he cried, going near to her. "Why, Janet," turning to the silent maid, "you have made your mistress ten times more beautiful than she ever was before, and she was always the most beautiful woman in the world. You surely are a fairy or a witch."

Janet bowed silently, and then madame spoke again as she sat down by Sir Guy on a purple cushioned divan.

"Now bring us our coffee, Janet, and some slices of cake."

Janet left the room, and ten minutes elapsed before she made her appearance. Then she bore a silver waiter in her hand containing two cups, one filled with rich brown coffee, one empty, and a silver coffee pot, which sent out a fragrant steam.

She placed the waiter upon a stand, passed Sir Guy the cup already filled, and poured the other full from the urn and passed it to madame. Madame looked up at Janet, laughingly.

"I read a story once, Janet," she said, "where a maid poisoned her mistress in her coffee. I see you poured Sir Guy's before you came in, and mine from the urn afterward. Now I have a good mind to make you drink a cup full of the coffee in the urn to prove that you did not put poison in it after pouring out Sir Guy's."

Janet was accustomed to madame's jests, and as a usual thing paid little heed to them, passing them by in her stolid, calm manner. But to-night she went to the little china closet, brought forth a cup, and filling it from the urn drank it down without a pause.

"I have drank," she said. "Is the madame satisfied?"

Madame laughed gayly at her gravity, and Guy called her a "foolish wench" for giving ear to madame's reckless jests.

"And now," said Janet as she put down the cup, "I have a little story I would like to tell Sir Guy and madame, and ask their advice. Would they be so kind as to listen?"

Both Sir Guy and madame looked at their reticent, stolid maid in astonishment, but madame answered sweetly:

"Certainly, Janet. Proceed. We shall be glad to help you by advice or otherwise if you are in any trouble."

Janet thanked her mistress, and then began in her low, monotonous voice:

"Once there lived in America, in an old brown farm-house, a light-hearted young girl, who was as blithe and contented as the robins that sang in the tall maples in the yard. She was young, innocent, and ignorant of the ways of the world. She was not beautiful, not handsome, but deemed sometimes pretty by those who loved her. She was not brilliant, not talented or accomplished, yet she had many friends and admirers. One summer a gentleman from the city came to board at the old farm-house. A handsome, elegant, stylish, accomplished man of the world. He had for years been dwelling in scenes of fashion and dissipation, and this quiet old country-house seemed like a heaven to him. He thought he should never care for scenes of wealth and luxury again. He was tired of it all. He was tired of the frivolous and extravagant young ladies of fashion, too, he said, and he told this ignorant and innocent little country girl that she was by far more beautiful in her modest gown than any stylish dame of fashion. By far more attractive in her quiet, domestic duties than the most accomplished young lady of society. He told her that he loved her, and begged her to be his wife. She pleaded her ignorance of the world, the difference in their stations, her unfitness for the society he was accustomed to. But he would not listen. She was all the world to him, he said. He should never care for that society again. They would go back to the city for a little while perhaps occasionally, but they would make their home in some beautiful country nook, and spend their lives together in quiet happiness, away from the noise and strife of the city.

"The picture pleased her, and she listened to his pleadings. She pledged him her faith. She married him. For a few months they dwelt together in their country home, happy as the angels. Then he began to long for the city again. 'Let us go to the city for a season,' he said, and as she had no will aside of his, they went. He robed her in costly garments, as fine as any lady in the land, but she did not feel at ease in them. She was never meant for a society queen. She felt out of place and lonely in the fashionable circles into which he led her. She could not get accustomed to the life, but all his old love of revelry and fashionable dissipation had returned, and he would not go back to the country. He made his home in the grand mansion in the city, and it galled and vexed him that his girl wife was so homesick and unhappy. She had looked beautiful to him in her country home, with her loose simple golden tresses, her soft blue eyes and red cheeks. But she looked plain beside the fashionable belles of society. It annoyed him that she had no accomplishments, while all the ladies she moved with, were cultivated and refined. He grew to be ashamed of her. And then one night at a grand ball, a new star in society's firmament burst upon his sight. A woman so beautiful that Venus would blush before her for very shame. And not only beautiful but rich, accomplished, cultivated, refined, brilliant, talented. She could sing like the angels, and her white hands brought forth wonderful melody from piano or guitar—her form was grace itself in the mazes of the dance; and she could write beautiful verses, and paint bright pictures; and she had travelled nearly all over the world. Was it any wonder that this man should love her? Perhaps not. How his face lighted that night at the grand ball when he first saw her. He was walking across the ball room with his wife upon his arm. She (the wife) was dressed in pure white, her golden hair falling loosely about her face. The beautiful stranger stood near—so near her rich robe almost touched the wife's white dress

"'Who is that grandly handsome man,' she said to a friend.

"The friend gave his name.

"'And the woman on his arm?'

"'His wife.'

"'What,' said the stranger, in a voice distinctly audible to both their ears; 'what, that elegant man tied to that little insipid creature? Too bad.'

"That was only the beginning. The beautiful stranger selected this man from all her army of admirers to weave her spell around. She bewitched him with her fascinations; she set herself about winning him, and she won him. He had never by word or act before, shown unfaithfulness to his marriage vows. Though he was ashamed of his ignorant and uncultivated wife, he was true to her. Now he scorned all his vows—he forgot his allegiance—his honor, *everything* but the beautiful stranger. He deserted his wife and his home, and fled with her.

"Ah! you seem interested, Sir Guy and madame! wait a moment, and let me show you the deserted wife's picture. Then you will feel yet more interest."

She left the room suddenly, and madame turned to Guy with white lips.

"Woe is me, that she knows all this!" she whispered. "She will spread the scandal, and all Paris will ring with it."

But Sir Guy did not answer. Only sat and waited for the woman to return. She came after a moment. She came, and yet was it the same woman?

This one had loose golden hair falling about her worn, pallid face; and the eyes, now no longer contrasted with the coal-black hair, looked a soft dreamy blue. And the dress she wore was a pure white, with nothing to relieve its dead whiteness in the way of ornaments. Sir Guy and madame arose from their seats with amazement written upon their faces. Who was this woman? They looked at her, then at each other, then at her again—and both cried,

"Winifred."

"Yes, Winifred," she said, coming forward. "No wonder you scarcely know me, even in the dress I wore upon our first meeting, madame, and with my own natural hair falling loosely as upon that night. I have been sick, deathly sick, since you and Sir Guy left America. And when I arose from my bed it was with this worn, pallid face. But I said, 'I will follow and find madame and her lover.' Ah! it has been a weary search—but I found you, I *found you* at last, even as I hoped, and all has gone well. Now I have told you my story; and what I wanted to ask you was this: should not some punishment come upon this guilty couple? Should they be allowed to live and love together? Must the wronged wife wait for Heaven's too often tardy vengeance? No, no! you need not answer, for I know, and your punishment is begun. Madame, many a true word is spoken in jest—and such a jest was *yours* to-night. In your coffee I put a little powder, which will bring the sweet sleep of death to you and me, before many hours. It is slow, but it is sure; and we have seen our last sun rise."

"My God," cried Guy, springing to his feet. "Are you telling the truth, woman?"

"The truth, Sir Guy, upon the oath of a dying woman. Ho, ho, are we not two fair brides for death? and see how finely we are robed for the nuptials. Surely our bridegroom will be proud of us."

"Go for a physician, quick, Sir Guy! there is no time to be lost!" shrieked madame.

"How foolish!" madame's maid said, quietly, as she put a detaining hand on Guy's arm. "The poison I have given you and myself, defies the combined skill of every physician in Paris. It is full three quarters of an hour since we drank it, and it has already begun its certain work, though we may not die for hours. Ah, madame! I was very merciful! Your death will not be painful at all. You will feel little or no suffering—but drop down dead very quietly and suddenly."

"Hear her, hear her!" shrieked madame, her lips blue with terror. "Guy, Guy, you *must* save me."

Madame's maid smiled.

"No, he cannot save you nor me. We are both lost to him in this world. Ah it was a noble revenge I planned, was it not? He said he could not suffer bitterer torture than to separate him from you. He called you his life, his soul; and now I am wrenching his life and his soul away from him. Oh it is sweet! I had thought I would wait and see you die, madame, and witness his suffering before I went with you—but you asked me to drink with you, and I could not refuse. Now we can take the journey together, and neither will be lonely."

"Guy, Guy, I shall go mad if you do not stop her," shrieked madame.

But madame's maid continued.

"You remember the night you first saw me, madame, and you thought me an insipid creature. But you yourself, madame, could not have planned a grander revenge than mine. Oh I love to hear you scream—to see the horrible fear upon your beautiful face. It is heaven to me. What a fair corpse you will make. Fairer and more beautiful than I. And the poison, madame, will not disfigure you after death. You will lie like one asleep. Only Sir Guy will call to you in vain. Neither his voice nor his kisses can wake you from the sleep you are about to take."

Guy paused in his wild, frenzied walk about the room, and turned toward the door again.

"Don't go!" screamed madame. "Guy, Guy, you must not leave me with *her*."

"But my love, my darling, I must go for a physician."

Madame's maid laughed softly.

"Let him go for a physician if he desires," she said, "I will entertain you during his absence. But I assure you, Sir Guy, there is no help for madame or me, this side of eternity. Two hours hence we shall be corpses. Do you think I would be so foolish and weak as to give a paltry poison that could be pumped up by any quack? No, no! I may be insipid, but I have worked well. It was a trusty poison I used, and it will do its work faithfully."

Guy fell upon his knees before the beautiful madame and clasped his arms around her, groaning like one in awful pain.

"That is right, groan and cry," cried madame's maid. "It is music to my ears. I shall like to die listening to the music of your moans. Ay! kiss her on hands, and cheeks, and lips, for in a little while the worms alone can caress her, and she will be beyond your reach. Ah! the clock strikes the half hour! The carriage is coming, madame, and shall I bring your cloak? Countess Rilandi has already begun to look for her beautiful guest, and will wonder that you do not come. Ah, well, she will pardon your absence when she knows of the great guest whom you waited to welcome. Death is a guest who comes but once, and we must be ready when he *does* come. How

glad I am, madame, that I made you look so fair to greet him.

"Shall I send back the carriage, Sir Guy?"

Guy sprang to the door.

"Go and bring two of the best physicians in Paris," he shouted to the driver. "Madame is very ill."

The two best physicians in Paris came after the lapse of half an hour. But they found two ghastly corpses, and one crazy man only to receive them.

Madame's maid had not misjudged her poison—for it had done its work well. She had lived to see Madame fall dead in Guy's arms without a moan—to see his horrible agony, and despair, and frenzy, and then she too, fell asleep.

Guy was placed in a mad house, a few days later, where he remained for several years, and then came forth a bent and prematurely old man, broken in health and spirits.

Wicked, wicked, wicked was Winifred's deed.

Guy Vanderlin had acted a treacherous part—but it was the sin of a man.

Madame La Motte had acted a treacherous part, but it was the sin of a selfish and passionate woman.

But to poison is the sin of a demon!

Only a mad insanity could excuse the enormous wickedness of Winifred Vanderlin's deed. But she was madly insane. The taunt of "insipidity" had struck down into her soul—that soul crazed by the faithlessness of her husband—and turned all its original gentleness into the bitterness of the most venomous rage and hate.

When she awakes sane in the hereafter, she will have no recollection of Madame Vanderlin's maid, or the horrible deed of a night.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 9, 1871.

SCALES.

We would recommend RIEHLE BROTHERS of this city to the attention of those desiring to procure scales for weighing either large or small weights. They have several patented scales which are spoken of very highly. Their railroad track scales are said to possess several advantages over the ordinary kind; and they are the original manufacturers of the compound parallel crane beam for weighing heavy castings, etc. They make the heavier scales a specialty. They are moreover very gentlemanly and courteous in their business dealings. *See advertisement.*

Local Attraction.

A commander in the royal mail service found his steamer some thirty miles out of her course. He was sorely troubled, and could not account for the local attraction that had sent him so far out of the way. Instruments and calculations appeared equally faultless. Sorely troubled, from having passed a sleepless, watchful night, the captain went on deck after breakfast. Seeing a lady sitting (as was her custom) and working near the binnacle, it occurred to him that probably the scissors were resting on the ledge of it. Detecting nothing of the sort, and bent on closer investigation, he discovered that her chair had an iron frame. It also, quite reasonably, flashed across him that the lady's ample crinoline was extended by steel hoops. So, mustering all his faculties, he exclaimed, with as much forgiveness and as little reproach in his tones as possible—"Madam, you have, by your local attraction, drawn my ship some forty miles from her course?"

THE lamentable death of the oarsman, James Renforth, is a sad commentary upon the system of over-training, by which the athletes are made to win. A young man, apparently in magnificent condition, all thews and sinews, falls suddenly into collapse and dies—a victim to the mania for so-called manly sports. His case is a fair illustration of the tendency of the system. The intense strain which accompanies the preliminary training and the actual contest, in every great "match," whether on land or water, necessarily diverts the organs of the human body from their legitimate functions, building up the muscles at the expense of the nerves and the circulation, and imperiling the constitution even when it does not produce death. A case in point was described to us a few weeks ago, by a young man who had won a boat race on the Hudson River at the risk of his life—"I got in first," he said, "but I was all gone; they had to lift me out of the boat, and my constitution is broken up; the pull was too much for me, and my racing days are over." With such a warning as that of Renforth's death, our ambitious young amateurs may learn to count the probable cost of "sporting" rivalries, which are likely to make them old men before their time, even if they escape a fatal ending.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

☞ Do not have the heels of your shoes above half an inch in height. If God had intended the heel to be raised two inches higher in walking than the ball of the foot, how easy it would have been for Him to cast the original Adamic foot in that shape. But He made it for ease and grace in walking, that it might share the weight of the body equally with the other extremity of the foot. The present fashion of high heels throws the weight of the body in the wrong place, producing deformity and pain. The first thing we do when we buy a pair of shoes, is to have about an inch taken off the heels, for we prefer nature to art at this point, and comfort to fashion.

☞ An old gentleman from Townsville, purchased a large purple egg-plant of a green grocer at Titusville the other day, under the supposition that it was a new kind of water-melon. After chewing a few minutes on the hard shell, he remarked: "They don't raise as juicy melons now as they did before the war."

☞ A woman went into a store and asked the proprietor if he had any black hen's eggs. "Don't know one kind from the other," said he; "but there's a basketful of eggs there on the counter." "I can tell them," said the customer. "Well, then, help yourself," said the dealer. She did so, paying the ordinary price. What was the grocer's chagrin, upon the customer's departure, to find all of his large eggs gone, and nothing but small, unsaleable ones remaining.

☞ The Philadelphia Scotchmen are going to erect a statue of Sir Walter Scott in Fairmount Park.

LOST AT SEA.

BY R. W. MEADE, U. S. N.

"Man overboard!"

"Silence, men! Silence!" shouted the officer of the deck, as a tumultuous throng came rushing wildly aft to the quarter-deck. "Hard down the helm, quartermaster! Let go the life-buoy! Let fly the stun'-sail tacks, and clew up the lower stun'-sail! Quick to the braces, men, and stand by to shorten sail there for'ard! Clear away the life-boat!" and a perfect volley of orders came from the lips of Lieutenant Ringbolt in rapid succession and in stentorian tones, while the frigate, which but a moment before had been bowling off twelve knots, with a cracking breeze on the starboard quarter, came rapidly and gracefully to the wind, and lay there quiescent, the huge fore-topsail to the mast, to deaden her headway.

"Now, my lads," said the lieutenant, "bear a hand, and lower away on those falls together!" and soon the cutter was in the water and pulling vigorously in the direction where the man had fallen.

"My God! who is it?" "How did he fall?" "Did you see him?" were the questions eagerly passed from lip to lip among the excited groups crowding the frigate's spar-deck.

Of all the contingencies incident to a life on the broad ocean, the one calculated to produce the most startling effect upon a ship's company is the sudden alarm of "A man overboard!"

Even in the best disciplined ship, and with the finest crew, it produces, for the moment, the wildest excitement, nay, even panic. Men rush here and there half bewildered, their noblest impulses roused into sudden action, and, forgetful of every other consideration but that of saving their unfortunate shipmate, they are ready on the instant to venture their lives, if need be, provided only they can extend a helping hand to their perishing fellow-man.

It is at such times that the highest qualities of the deck-officer are brought out clearly before the eyes of all, for it requires the utmost nerve, energy, skill and presence of mind, on the part of him who controls, to influence and direct this torrent of feeling into the right channel, so as to rescue promptly, it may be, the unfortunate sufferer. Woe to the man who may be incapable of the task! and, alas, for the miserable victim of his incompetency!

The M—— was a magnificent steam-frigate of forty guns, manned with a picked crew of seven hundred men, and sent abroad, at the close of the Crimean War, to display to the maritime powers of the world the rising power of the great republic.

We had visited Europe and were on our return home by the way of the West Indies, and, at the time my story opens, the huge ship, under a cloud of canvas, was "running down the northeast trades," and about seven hundred miles from the Cape Verde Islands, then the nearest land.

Poor Bill Seavy!—a smarter seaman and a better man never trod a forecastle. He belonged to a race of sailors even then fast passing away, and was one of those men who, emulating St. Paul, seem never weary of well-doing. No matter at what hour of the day or night an emergency arose, be it his watch on deck or below, Bill was always to be found in his "all-hands" station, working away in his quiet, cheerful manner, with the best of them. He was a prodigious favorite with every one on board, from the captain to the lobbily-boy, and it was no wonder then that our anxiety and alarm were great when we learned that Bill was the missing man. He had gone into the lee fore-chains to perform some trifling matter of duty, when the flapping-in of the fore-sheet on a weather-roll caught him and hurled him into the sea. The alarm was instantly given, and it so happened that our old doctor, who was aft on the lee-side of the poop-deck at the time, with great presence of mind seized a grating near at hand, and threw it to Bill as the ship sped rapidly by, which, old Lancet declared, the poor fellow caught, and with a grateful glance rewarded him for.

As quick as it were possible for human power to accomplish it—for Lieutenant Ringbolt was a good seaman—the frigate was hove-to, and the life-boat sent in search of the man; but the wind was strong and the sea rough, while the shades of evening were rapidly settling down over the wild waste of waters, reducing to a minimum poor Bill's chances of safety, unless the hand of the great Creator guided the boat to his vicinity.

It was therefore news not wholly unexpected by us, when, in an hour or so—it then being almost dark—the cutter returned with the intelligence that the search had proved vain, not even the life-buoy had been found!

A rare specimen of the old *regime* was our captain, and a nobler-hearted man never graced the annals of any navy. It happened to be my lot to be near him as he stood aft, cap off, and his long, gray hair streaming out in the wind, when the cutter was discovered in the fast-thickening gloom, approaching the ship.

"Cutter, ahoy!" hailed the lieutenant in charge of the deck, "have you found the man?"

"No, sir!" came back, mournfully, across the water.

A tear glistened in the old captain's eye; but he turned quickly to the first lieutenant and said: "Mr. Cordage, let a boat be manned and provisioned at once and sent in search of Seavy. If he secured himself to that grating, as Dr. Lancet asserts, he may yet be found, if not to-night—to-morrow; and, Mr. Cordage, order the chief-engineer to have steam raised at once."

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Cordage, and hastened away.

Now Bill had served with our captain three cruises, and was one of his bargemen, and it so happened that, having served with both in a former cruise, the old skipper selected me to take charge of the boat in the night search.

It was much like looking for a needle in a hay-stack; but I selected a good crew from the best at my hand, and, in an incredibly short time, as it might have appeared to a landsman, we were off and pulling vigorously over the recent track of the ship.

It was a wild night, for the trade-wind blew in strong and fitful gusts, half a gale, and the sea was so rough, that we made comparatively slow progress, while the heavy masses of "trade clouds" scudded in chase of each other across the heavens, shutting out even the feeble light of the stars. We had no guide to poor Bill that night, but our compass and the faint chance that a merciful Providence might direct our course to him; but, nathless, we started away from the ship full of hope.

The top-light of the frigate, burning clear and bright, served as our beacon in a measure, and we kept it astern on the right bearing, while it had been arranged, before we left, that those on board the ship should send up a rocket every half-hour, as a guide to us in case we lost sight of the ship's lights, while, to keep her relative position as nearly as possible, the frigate was to "wear" every four hours.

Ah, well I remember that dismal December night! It availed nothing for me to give the command, "Row dry, boys; row dry!" for as our boat rose on the crests of the huge seas, the wind swept the spray from the white caps in blinding sheets over us, chilling us to the marrow, and drenching us to the skin.

Our men pulled manfully, and every now and then we would lay on the oars, give a rousing cheer, and then listen. No sound came back to our ears but the moaning of the wind and the dull swash of the huge, combing seas, as they rolled past us. We burned blue-lights and peered eagerly into the black night; but naught was seen save once, when a piece of drift-wood, covered with sea-weed and barnacles, floated by, a few Carey-chickens hovering ominously over it.

Not a sight or a sound, except this, all that long, weary night, during which our men pulled steadily and cheerfully! By four o'clock we had lost sight of the rockets, and, when day dawned, there was naught to be seen over the broad expanse of ocean—the frigate was out of sight!

Nevertheless, not a thought occurred to a man in that boat save the one thought of finding poor Bill, if haply we might find him. Perhaps, as officer of the cutter, I felt our critical condition, in case we lost the ship, more than the boat's crew, for I alone knew what folly it would be to attempt to gain the Cape Verde Islands, six hundred miles to windward of us, in the teeth of a "trade gale," while I, also, alone knew that we had but three days' provisions for the longer run of fourteen hundred miles to Barbadoes, the next nearest land. Yet we continued to pull, in a zig-zag course, across what we deemed must have been the track of the ship the evening before, and nothing rewarded our efforts. So a brief respite was given to the crew, and a glass of grog served out all around.

"I think as how Bill's gone, sir!" said an old fo'castleman, who pulled the stroke-oar during a pause in our search, "You see, sir," he added, "Bill seemed a kind of cut-up and queer-like sence we buried his chum, old Dispart, the quarter-gunner, off Madeira, and he told some on us as how he thought his turn 'ud come next!"

"Nonsense, Maul," said I; "how can you think that? don't you remember the old song about

'The sweet little cherub, that sits up aloft,
Looking out for the life of poor Jack!'

We'll find him yet, my man, never fear!"

But my words belied the feeling at my heart, though I didn't care that the men should know it; so I broke in with a gruff "Give way again, men, give way together!"

Suddenly a cry came from one of the bow-oarsmen, who had laid in their oars and were standing up forward on the lookout, "There's somethin' in the water, sir, two p'ints on the port-bow; looks like a gratin', sir."

"Give way, my lads!" said I, getting excited myself, as a faint hope took possession of me.

We pulled toward the floating object; and so it was the grating Dr. Lancet had thrown to Bill, and on it was a sailor's black neckerchief tied through one of the holes of the grating, so as to form a sort of becket to hold on by! But, where was poor Bill? Nothing in sight but a solitary sea-bird, which had hovered about us with its peculiar note as we approached the grating. Doubtless the poor fellow had held on from hour to hour, hope gradually sinking within him, until, exhausted with fatigue and benumbed with cold, his grasp had given way, and he had sunk to rise no more, until that dread day when the sea shall give up its dead and we all stand trembling together before the great judgment-seat!

"That 'ere bird's Bill's sperrit," said old Maul; "I told you, sir, I knowed he'd gone, for the parson said the other day as how we *did* sometimes have presentiments, or sich-like."

I suppose the old fellow meant that poor Bill had had presentiments; but I said nothing, my heart being too full of this sad fate.

It was now eight o'clock, and we served out a trifle of "grub" from our scanty supply of provisions. The air seemed much warmer, and the sea had gone down somewhat; but the trade still blew fresh. My great anxiety was now to find the ship, for, should she have missed us by steering the wrong course during the night, our situation would be unpleasant, not to say critical. Further search for Seavy seemed the merest folly and utterly unlikely to avail anything. The grating and the neck-cloth told the story of his fate as plainly as though we had seen the final struggle.

In my mind's eye I saw the poor fellow as the ship moved rapidly from him: the first bewilderment of his fall; then his horror and despair, as he realized his condition; the gleam of hope, as he caught the grating and heard the loud tones of command as the ship rounded-to; then the long, long agony of hopes blasted, and the final despairing cry to his Maker, as

"Environed with a wilderness of sea,"

he sank to rise no more!

Well, he had gone, and there was no help for it—men must die at some time or other—so I roused me from my sad reverie and gave the order to step the masts and get the sails ready to hoist, when, as the foresail was hoisted, I heard one of the men cry, "There's the ship, sir!" and, sure enough, there she was, a dim speck to leeward in the southwest, but rapidly growing larger as she sped toward us under steam.

We kept near the spot where the grating had been picked up, and in about two hours were all on board again and my tale told.

But the captain still clung to the idea that Seavy might have got hold of the life-buoy, and so we cruised all that day looking for it—sharp look-outs with glasses aloft; but we saw nothing more, and when the sun went down, the "old man" reluctantly gave the order to steer the course again.

"He might have knowed," said old Maul, "that that 'ere bird was Bill's sperrit."

And, as we shaped our homeward course, and the watch ran away with the stun'-sail halyards, and the ship bowled away toward her port, I had food for reflection as I thought of poor Bill, and wondered if the good people in their cosy homes on shore realize how much of the tragical is involved in that brief notice which they so frequently see in the marine column of their newspaper, as they sip their coffee at breakfast before the snug fire—"Lost at Sea."—*Appleton's Journal.*

THIRZAH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MARIE S. LADD.

You would hardly think, to see me now, that I was prematurely old, or that indomitable pride had cast my life die. You might say that age had approached me softly, and reluctantly silvered my hair. You would learn of the gossipping villagers that I was ever cheerful. "There dwells enjoyment," they will say as they point to you my residence, "and you will just see it from the road up the green lane through the swaying locusts, and you will admire its neat white walls, standing up from the lilacs and snow balls that half smother it."

If not always happy, I have sources of deep pleasure. You should see me at night around my fireside, among my favorite little group, with their white knitting or their folded hands, listening to some tale which I relate, or joining me in pleasant conversation. These friendless girls would have been homeless also but for shelter in my cottage, and their tender, loving hearts have long ago repaid me for the care they have received. But they will not long be with me. Pale Lucy Alden must soon fade away, and we shall grieve to miss her from our pleasant home circle. Gertrude Olderf will, ere long, bend her proud head for the marriage vail, and then depart for her fatherland. Fanny Graham too will soon leave us to make bright the home of another. There will be left to me thoughtful Annie Wilbur. She will remain to smooth my dying pillow, which may, ere many months, be placed for me. My white cottage with its broad lands will be hers, and James Lancey will fill the measure of her happiness. May no blight fall upon their love. Oh! I am weeping, weeping bitter tears at the retrospect of a misguided life. Why am I seated now, my eyes long dimmed and my hand trembling with age, to write these lines? This brown package in my desk has been potent to stir me to this unwonted exertion. It was received but yesterday, and oh! the emotion it has excited and the self-reproaches it has called forth. Within it are two portraits, and when I look upon them I forget that I am old and ugly.

When that picture was taken I had not a friend left me in the whole world. I was twenty years old, and I will not attempt to tell you all the miseries that score of years had registered for me. From childhood my life had been one long struggle, with no one to encourage or help, and it rendered me bitter and unyielding in nature. I had graduated a little time before, and had been helped by one of the professors of the school to a position as teacher in the place I then occupied. The principal of this school had married a French lady, fanciful, amiable and agreeable, and from the contrast of our natures we became attached.

I had always supposed my lot would be a loveless one, and for this reason, I suppose, my mind was free from fancies. I thought I had nothing to look forward to. My sky seemed a leaden one, and yet after awhile it became all sunshine.

At Ripley, where I was teaching, resided a family by the name of North. An only son, who had been travelling in Europe, returned home some weeks after I had commenced teaching. I met him and found his mind rich in what he had gathered from a life of study and travel. He was also a good deal of an artist, and at that time I was studying lines and curves, and by nature had a quick eye for the expression of shades. Consequently Ellis North was full of interest to me, and he continually sought my society. It culminated finally in his giving his heart into my keeping. I determined to remain in school, however, until the term of my engagement had expired, then we were to be married.

Several weeks of our engagement passed, and Mr. North was entirely devoted to me. My friend, Christine, received about this time a visit from a cousin of hers. She was French only on the mother's side. Her father had married her for her beauty, which this Mary must have inherited in full. I boarded with the principal, and Mr. North was also there the evening of her arrival. I never saw anything so perfectly beautiful as she was. But it was only the beauty of the flesh. There was nothing spiritual or fine about it. I studied her the entire evening when I was not regarding Ellis, who seemed to have forgotten the existence of every other thing, so dazzled was he by this vision of loveliness.

It is said to be the perfection of art to conceal art. Then she must have understood it perfectly, for Christine had told me that she was a finished coquette, yet did she seem an innocent, graceful child. At parting that night Ellis looked into my eyes as lovingly as of old, but his last glance fell on the sunny head of Mary Anson. Yet I smiled at Christine a half hour later when she followed me to my room and expressed her fears. "Might she just drop a little hint to Mr. North of her true character?"

"Never. Mr. North had reason enough to stand him in stead on most occasions, why not here, when his faith was already pledged? If he had not, he was nothing to me."

When left alone, I recalled my crushed youth and childhood, and now I felt the overshadowing of a still more desolate period, and irate, I rebelled against my fate.

I could have, with little effort, prevented the coming misery, but I would not. I looked royally down upon any form of infidelity. I would not fellowship with it.

During each subsequent visit of Mr. North, Miss Anson secured his attention with consummate art. Often he looked over to me for rescue, and I was conscious that at any moment I could have taken him from her, for I knew affinity to be more potent than mere fancy, but I silently refused, for I knew the bonds which enthralled him were not harsh or unpleasant ones. And when at last he released himself and came over to me, I would smilingly but effectually withdraw. Did he ask me to walk or ride, I had always some excuse; but Miss Anson would go I was sure, and she never hesitated to take my place.

My mother had one sister. She owned the cottage which is now mine. Her children, a large family of them, had one by one died of disease inherited on the side of the father. Her last had died but recently. I had never seen her. I had hardly known of her existence; but now she had discovered my whereabouts and written to me, begging that I would leave teaching and share her home with her. This letter came to me during the first weeks of my engagement to Mr. North. I, of course, wrote a reluctant refusal.

Now, my school term had just expired at Ripley Seminary, and I determined to leave there quietly for the home of my aunt. No one but Christine should know whither I was bound, and she should guard it a life-long secret.

My journey here was a long one, but very pleasant, it seemed, to one who had been encompassed for weeks by care and sorrow. And when once established here with Aunt Houghton, I experienced, what I never had before in my whole life, the security of a home, and a home friend. There was an enjoyment in it that was like luxury. But I had suffered, and now that the necessity for keeping up was removed, I was for many days quite weak. Ministered to by the loving care of my aunt, I aroused and was fast recovering my usual tone of health, when I received a letter from Christine.

"*Ah, mon amie, que de misere tu as fait tomber, sur toi-meme, et celui qui t'aime, plus que tous le monde,*" she began, for she wrote me in her native language. And in the same passionate characteristic strain she continued to supplicate me to remedy what I had wilfully brought upon myself and another.

"You should have seen North," she wrote, "when my husband read the note in which you declined to assist longer in the school." "*Ma pauvre ami,*" wrote Christine, "if he had suspected me and demanded of me where you had gone, I could only have told him. But I was in such grief that he must have supposed your flight a mystery to me. He left Ripley next day without seeing me, and I do not know where he has gone. After a few days my cousin also left rather chagrined at final failure."

This letter threw me into a nervous fever, from which I, at last, recovered. In order to secure peace of mind I must strive to live only in the present, so I dropped my correspondence with Christine.

With my aunt I lived a sober, orderly, and not unlovely life; and since her death I have kept up the household ways after the old fashion—and have often enjoyed a quiet happiness. Yet an undercurrent of remembrance has slowly been wasting away my life; and the little package which I received yesterday has added a new pang to my hidden sorrow.

On leaving Ripley I left Ellis his portrait. This package contained it, and mine I found in it, also a note in a strange hand. It was from a sister of Ellis North, saying that the enclosed had been left in her keeping ten years before by her dying brother, who had finally found my address through Christine. She had never sent it, because she could not forgive me for being the destroyer of her brother's happiness. "But now," she said, "that I have not many days to live, I cannot go hence happy until having executed that dear brother's wish. And as his last words were of you, and I soon expect to meet him, I forgive you the deep wound your pride inflicted on him."

The other letter was from my own Ellis. Mine, though weary years had passed since we met, and the waves of his life were ebbing on to that great mysterious river.

He spoke as though the fault had been alone his. Yet he never loved Miss Anson. He did not know what evil influence had enthralled him. All the years of our separation he had cherished the hope of meeting me. He had found me at last, but too late. We could never meet this side the dim river. "But oh, Thirzah," he wrote, "I have the assurance of your forgiveness, as much as though you were convincing me of it in the dear tones of your voice, while you wiped with soft fingers the damp from my death cold brow; and in the next world, where we shall meet, there will be no estrangement or separation."

My story is at an end, reader, and life, too, will soon have ended for me. The spring may come again and gather its fragrance around my dwelling, but I shall not wander out to inhale its perfume, or sit with a happy group of young faces around me in the shade of the spreading locust. But when my hour of departure is well nigh, I shall look for an angel with hovering wings, and I shall listen for the tones of a well loved voice to speak my name, "Thirzah."

Communications to Newspapers.

Recently in England an action was brought in the city of London County Court, by Mr. Walter, a solicitor, to recover damages from the Echo newspaper, for having detained the manuscript of a letter on "Legal Reformation," which he had sent to that journal for insertion, but which was not accepted, and had not been returned. On the trial, the editor of the Echo stated that, in accordance with his rule in regard to rejected communications, he had destroyed the manuscript immediately after he had glanced over it. The judge said that if the manuscript had been in existence at the time the plaintiff applied for it, he would have been entitled to recover; but as the communication had been destroyed, he had no remedy. The plaintiff then contended that he had a property in the rags of the paper containing his essay, and also a right in an action of trover to recover the value of the material. The judge, in reply, said the amount would be very small, as it would take a very large manuscript to be worth a farthing as waste paper. The judge also said that the fact of a writer sending an article to an editor, implied that he was to have sole control over it, as it could not be expected that an editor could pigeon-hole and docket *every* manuscript for the purpose of returning it if it should be asked for. If that was to be done, a dozen editors, the judge said, would not be sufficient for a daily newspaper. Under this ruling the case was dismissed, and costs allowed to the defendants.

☞ Never accuse others to excuse yourself.

☞ Florida feeds her prisoners on ham and eggs, and everybody is trying to get into jail.

☞ Here is a good one on the "tater bugs." Three men were comparing notes: One says, "There is two bugs to every stalk. A second says: "They have cut down my early crop and are sitting on the fence waiting for the late crop to come up." "Pshaw," said the third, "you don't know anything about it. I passed a seed-store the other day and the bugs were in there looking over the books to see who had purchased seed potatoes."

☞ A lady in London got the idea into her head that the devil was in her, and hung herself. If the women go to hanging themselves for a little thing like that, they're going to be scarce, that's all."

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR of "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHARLES STANFIELD'S AWAKENING.

"And you hate war, Miss Ellis?" said Charles Stanfield, as if he had been considering her speech ever since the time they had met. And, indeed, it had formed no small part of his meditations.

"I do."

"And everything connected with it?" he asked, wondering if she might take himself into consideration as a prominent part of the whole.

But Diana simply replied, laughingly—

"Guns, swords, drums, powder, fortifications, everything—yes, everything." And then she added, "But we will leave war alone for the present; and you must cast your eye over the lovely sweep of country before you. See how it stretches away to the south, dotted with villages; and here and there a windmill, or a gray tower, or slender spire. You must imagine the trees in all their summer foliage; the chestnuts with their plumes of white, and the last sun-rays shining over them, and almost blotting them out in a haze of gold. I do not think there is anything more beautiful than a sunset."

"Is there not?" asked Charles Stanfield. "Perhaps I do not agree with you."

"Ah! a sunrise, perhaps. I debated the point for a long time myself, and scarcely came to a conclusion. You prefer a sunrise, then?"

"I was not thinking of it."

And Charles Stanfield paused in the compliment he was about to pay, and wondered at himself—for it was a new language to him, and yet so easy to learn. Perhaps it was like the eloquence advocated by Faust, that wanted only honesty of heart and purpose to carry it home to the hearers. Certainly he had found that—

"Genuine feeling wants no arts
Of utterance, no toil of elocution."

No need for searching for words when one is in earnest, for do not the words come even as by inspiration?

Charles Stanfield and Diana had wandered along on the fine March morning, which seemed, as Diana said, to be made on purpose for her to show Broadmead in its early beauty. The frosty sharpness had gone out of the air, and there was no rough wind; and though the sun shone brightly, it was not that cold, hard brightness that one often sees in the spring, but a mellow, softening light that gave a warmer tint to every object. They had crossed the meadows, visited the church, passed through the village street—where Miss Letitia and Miss Sophia, gazing from the windows of Brierly House, had marked their progress, and had observed to one another what a terrible flirt Di was. They wondered at Jasper's liking it. Such things would not have been permitted in their time; but then of course, they had Rebecca to look after them. And then, as Miss Letty parenthetically remarked, "There were no young men at Broadmead in those day."

And Diana nodded gayly to them, unsuspicious of the comments they were making; and made her way to the Marshwood Beeches, where the first violets were already blowing, and gathering a few of the finest, she gave them to her companion, who felt that he was receiving a royal token.

Through the Beeches, still towards the west, and up an opposite slope; and there Diana paused on the slight eminence, below which the country rolled out its green and gold for many and many a mile.

"One ought to feel quite happy, and at peace with every one, on such a morning as this," said Diana. "Do you not feel so, Mr. Stanfield."

"Of course—with such a guide," he answered, involuntarily.

Diana turned quickly. She was about to protest for the second time against compliments, but something in her companion's face made her pause. And then Signora Neri's warning and advice flashed into her mind, and Jasper's jesting insinuation. Had she been playing with a true heart? She had not intended it; but she began to feel remorseful; and she perceived, as she glanced at Charles Stanfield, that he looked very grave, and even somewhat agitated. And then the color came into her face, and for a moment her cheeks were burning; and again Charles Stanfield misinterpreted the blush. His tongue was unloosed, and he spoke with sudden eloquence. The words were in his heart, and they sprang almost unconsciously to his lips, telling her of his love, his hope, his fear. It was all so unexpected, that Diana could not stop him. It was spoken—and then there came a pause.

And Diana, with her eyes fixed on the ground, felt, as it were, a great chill steal over her, and a heavy weight weighing her down. She tried to speak—she tried to raise her eyes, but in vain; her lips only quivered, and no sound issued from them.

They were standing on the very height where she and John Carteret, in those glorious summer days, had so often watched the sun go down—sometimes in royal purple and crimson, sometimes in the clear, gold-hued heavens, without a flock of color to mar its purity: but, in whatsoever guise it disappeared, still leaving the same farewell promise, teaching the same lesson for ever and ever to the world it left in darkness as it sank to it its western grave—"I shall arise again."

Diana remained for a short time spell-bound; and then she raised her eyes, and looked straight into Charles Stanfield's face.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Stanfield. I had not the least idea—I did not know—I did not think that you would care for me."

And he read in her eyes, more than in her speech, an answer to his eloquent words—and not a favorable one. Yet he asked again—

"Is there no hope?"

"Mr. Stanfield," said Diana, clasping her hands tightly, as though it in some way steadied her voice to do so, "you must not care about me—and yet you must not think hardly of me, for I like you very much: and it grieves me to feel that I have made you think—that—"

"I do not blame you, Miss Ellis," interrupted Charles Stanfield. "Perhaps I should rather blame myself for having been so hasty; but I could not help it. I felt that I must come down to see you once more—and ask you if—" and here Charles Stanfield paused, and half turned away.

In Diana's pity for her companion, her own courage rose, and she went on with her interrupted speech.

"I have never been away from Broadmead, Mr. Stanfield, and I do not know what people do in the world; but it seemed so easy and pleasant to me to talk to you, and as if I almost had known you for years, through Captain Stanfield's being my godfather, that I did not think of anything else."

Charles Stanfield turned suddenly round, and, taking her hand, asked earnestly—

"Miss Ellis—Diana, could you not think of anything else? In time—perhaps a long time—but could it not bring me some hope?"

Diana did not withdraw her hand; but she looked up quietly, and said—

"I am engaged."

Charles Stanfield started—he half flung her hand away. Then village gossip was true for once. Why had he not had eyes to see? He might have known how hopeless his chance was—he might have been more ready to believe, though Dr. Crawford could not affirm it, the probability of her engagement after that evening at Miss Pyecroft's.

"I thought most people knew it," said Diana, in an apologetic tone—"not formally exactly, but that they supposed it."

"I presume I heard a slight mention of what you allude to," returned Charles Stanfield, a little coldly; "but I attached no importance to it."

"Of course not—how should he?" reasoned Diana within herself, all at once remembering Captain Stanfield's report of Linthorp. And she felt the more deeply to blame, because she seemed to see how Charles Stanfield must have been misled by the little interest she had outwardly evinced respecting John Carteret.

They had turned back across the long slopes, and were walking through the line of wood again. But neither spoke. They reached the spot where Diana had gathered the violets; and there Charles Stanfield stopped, and, holding them out to her, he said—

"Perhaps you would rather I did not keep these, Miss Ellis?"

"They are not worth keeping, Mr. Stanfield," she answered. "I wish you would take something better from me, and give me something in return."

He looked up inquisingly.

"Will you give me your friendship in exchange for mine? The fastest friends sometimes are those who begin with a little misunderstanding; and I cannot afford to lose you, for your father's sake."

Friendship sounded a cold word to Charles Stanfield, after what he had so fondly hoped to gain; and there was a little stiffness in his tone as he replied—

"In any way that I can ever serve you, Miss Ellis, you may depend upon me."

"That will not do," said Diana. "I want more than that: that is but charity, scantily doled out."

"It is all I can promise at present," was the reply.

And again Diana reproached herself for her want of clear-sightedness. Surely, with Signora Neri's warning sounding in her ears, she might have been wiser. It was too late now, and she gave a sigh.

"Do not pity me, Miss Ellis," said Charles Stanfield. "I have not asked for that."

"I was not pitying you," said Diana, sorrowfully—"it was myself I was thinking of. It is so much easier to forgive others than one's self."

"What do you mean?" he asked, a little abruptly.

"I do not quite know. I seem to wish that I were you instead of myself. Yet, perhaps that is selfish, for I feel very unhappy."

"You must not feel unhappy on my account," he said, more gently, for there was something soothing to him in her evident distress; and—in spite of the demolition of the fairy castle he had been building up—he felt none of the mortification that men usually feel in such cases, and which is, perhaps, oftentimes the sorest point in their disappointment.

"You have a bright future before you," he continued—"full of joy and happiness; and, when I get a little accustomed to its brightness, then the friendship time you speak of may come. I hope it will."

"It must—it will!" said Diana, warmly. "I can be satisfied with nothing else. I am not so rich in friends, Mr. Stanfield, that I can give up one."

"I think you need never want for friends, Miss Ellis. You appear to be surrounded by them."

Diana shook her head.

"One does not know; one cannot tell until one is in actual want of them."

"I trust that time will never come," said Charles Stanfield. "But, if it should, will you remember me?"

"I will."

Charles Stanfield was surprised to find himself talking so calmly after his fervent outburst; surprised to find that, though his hopes had been crushed, he did not feel annoyed or embarrassed. He had somehow grown older in the last half-hour. The world had opened out before him, and he had gained something that he should not lightly lose. Perhaps his first love had been, after all, something of a half-sentiment, since he felt so strangely calm and quiet. And yet he knew it would be a great relief when he should get away from Broadmead.

They walked on until they came in sight of the gates of the Manor House.

"Good-by, Miss Ellis," he said. "I shall leave for town by the afternoon train."

Diana said good-by, and hastened homeward, hoping to enter the house unobserved. But in the hall she met Jasper, who asked where Mr. Stanfield was.

"He is not coming," she answered—but her voice trembled so that Jasper, in some surprise, looked more keenly at her, and perceived the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Why, what is the matter, Di?" he asked. But he received no answer, saving what her face revealed, as she sprang past him, and fled to her own room.

Jasper stood for a moment bewildered, as the truth dawned upon him, and his heart sank within him—for what mischief might not be done if, in her answer, Diana should in any way have acknowledged her engagement to John Carteret? Why had he not foreseen the reason of Mr. Stanfield's unexpected reappearance at Broadmead? Again he might be thrown back in the plans which he was endeavoring skillfully to restore to order.

Yet he need have been under no apprehensions, so far as Charles Stanfield was concerned. For Mr. Stanfield, journeying up to London, was meditating upon Jasper Seaton as his successful rival.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DOUBTING.

John Carteret travelled down to Linthorp with Miss Pyecroft. He was a little abstracted; and when Miss Pyecroft came to observe him by daylight, she thought that he was looking paler than he did at Broadmead; also he looked careworn and anxious. She had been too much occupied and excited on the previous evening to pay much attention to him, or to give much heed to the questions he asked her; indeed, on the whole, it appeared to her as though he did not take much interest in Broadmead affairs, and none at all in the Manor House people, since he had made no inquiries either after the Seatons or Diana. To-day he seemed still less inclined for conversation; and Miss Pyecroft, after mentally arranging the heads of a letter she proposed writing upon the meeting at Comminster, allowed her mind to stray back to the afternoon upon which she had taken chocolate at the Neris, and to set that down as the epoch at which any flirtation that might have existed between John Carteret and Diana began to descend from its culminating point, ending—as such youthful follies generally do—in nothing; whilst Diana's more sober manner of late she attributed to the influence of her probable engagement to a man some ten or twelve years older than herself. John Carteret's somewhat absent manner she connected with the rumors she had heard of his attentions to Miss Wardlaw. "And doubtless," she concluded, "he does not feel himself in a position to make an offer, and fears lest some one else may step in. Very natural. I must keep my eyes open, and do what I can for Mr. Carteret—he's a deserving young man, and has certainly been very civil to me. I must hear him preach, and see if he is sound in his views. Di would have made a poor wife for a clergyman. I am glad it is all as it is."

Such were the views which Miss Pyecroft allowed to settle into convictions in her mind; and then she closed her eyes, and soon began to nod gently—for her slumbers had been but short, she having talked far into the night, or rather into the morning, with her friend, and having risen early in order to catch the train for Linthorp by which John Carteret was returning.

John Carteret's thoughts were in a more perturbed state than those of Miss Pyecroft. Perhaps he ought to have had sufficient faith in Diana to keep all doubts away; but then he had two arguments to combat against—the one, his own knowledge of the high esteem in which Diana held Jasper Seaton; the other, the warning that Mrs. Seaton had given him. And to back these two arguments came Miss Pyecroft's later testimony—and Miss Pyecroft had always a good idea of what was going on in Broadmead, and of the views that were current there. And John Carteret could not but feel that there was danger of Diana's being unconsciously drawn nearer and nearer to one whom she was so constantly with. And, like Miss Pyecroft, he closed his eyes: but the future that now played out its drama before him was not so unclouded as the future he had seen shadowed forth ere the sober realities of life had dawned upon him; and again he asked himself, as he had more than once done before—Had he done right? Diana had seen so little of the world.

In due time, Linthorp was reached; Miss Pyecroft and her packages were duly deposited at Belvidere-terrace, and John Carteret was seated in his little room overlooking the quay.

"One hundred and twenty a year, and no further prospect for some time," quoth John Carteret to himself, taking at the same time a survey of his apartment—a low, long, comfortable room, with two narrow windows, well-dusted brown moreen curtains, and well-rubbed furniture—too old-fashioned to be in accordance with modern requirements, and yet not old-fashioned enough to have an appearance of antiquity about them. The general air of the room might be said to be highly respectable, but that was its highest praise; and respectability, one knows, often carries an atmosphere of stiffness and thriftiness with it that does not savor of the luxurious or the artistic. Lodgings! And *her* rooms were so beautiful! And John Carteret paused in his moralizing, and took a flying inventory of Madame de Mouline's renovated apartments.

Then he continued his meditations. The room was a room in which a man pursuing a duty in life, and seeking higher aims than worldly prosperity, might be content, even thankful. But then, one is thankful for much in this life that has neither beauty nor luxury about it. If he were going to be alone, it would be well enough.

And he drew his chair close up to the fire, and put his feet upon the fender. It was the time, the place, the attitude for a reverie. The mist was gathering outside, so that none who had not urgent business to attend to would think of stirring abroad; the tide was coming in with a low, moaning murmur, dull and heavy—for there was no wind to stir it into boisterous activity.

And John Carteret's thoughts resolved themselves into something like the following propositions:

"Ought a poor man to marry? Most curates are poor. Ministers of all denominations are, taking them in the aggregate, poor. Carlyle says, 'Work, work!' In the ministry, a man may work forever, and get no proportionate pay. In fact, the hardest workers are often those with the smallest salaries. The ministry is not a paying profession. Is it right that ministers should be thus poor? Ought they not to be guaranteed above the sordid cares of life, since their teachings are reputed the most valuable in the world? Is it possible for a man to do his duty as a spiritual teacher if he is overwhelmed by temporal troubles? The world condemns him if he strives after the loaves and fishes—yet is he so much to blame? If everything on earth goes wrong, does it necessarily fit him for Heaven?

Then he tacked round on the other side of the argument.

"Perhaps those who have the most to bear preach the best, because they preach with the experience of half their congregations. Perhaps those who have the greatest lack of earthly treasure understand best the lesson of the widow's mite, since all they give is given of their poverty, with self-denial, whilst the rich man stints himself of no necessary, nor even luxury, to enable him to give liberally and handsomely. Perhaps the poor man is nighest Heaven because he has the lowest inducements to chain his soul to earth.

"For and against," quoth John Carteret. "I have chosen the path, and must take it with the 'for.' What says the word? 'He that loveth his life for My sake, shall find it.' Find it—where? Not on the earth. Higher—higher—whither he must lead the lives of those around. Diana!"

And then came to him the memory of Diana's words, and her striving, struggling, fluttering to spread her soul's wings, and mount upward.

"What must he do? Should he unclasp his hold, and let the dove find refuge in another nest, more suited to her bringing up? Why should he transplant her to a harder soil, where she might faint and languish through keeping her faith to him? And yet, if her life had been in a measure committed to his keeping, was he not accountable for it? Through him had the awakening come; might it not be his to strengthen it—to keep it alive? Love, duty, right, wrong—how was he to discern between them? how know what was for the best? Anything for her sake, at whatever cost it might be to himself, he was willing to do."

Before John Carteret entered on his work, he scarcely understood how hopeless was the prospect before him. With little chance of preferment in the Church, he should probably remain for years in his present position; and the hope that had lighted up the future, as he had at first regarded it, was dying away, and had not sufficient power to annihilate its darkness now, or even to disperse the gloom that Miss Pyecroft's communings had cast around him.

He opened his desk, and took from it Diana's last letter. It was but a short one, and Jasper's name did not occur in it. He read it over several times, until he thought he observed an air of constraint about it. Diana had been in the habit of telling him all that Jasper had done for her, and of how his lameness was progressing; and suddenly, in this letter, she had ceased to speak of him, and evidently avoided the subject.

And so John Carteret's musings brought him no satisfaction; but yet he did not cease to muse, and ingeniously—as is the wont of lovers—invented a thousand tortures for himself which he was not able to alleviate.

Nay, but John Carteret should have been stronger—should have cast aside all fears, and have thrown doubt to the winds. Yet stronger men than he, and older ones, with more worldly wisdom, have in their day had vacillations.

"There's a sailor's wife come to ask if you will go and see her husband, sir," said the landlady, entering the room after a preliminary knock. "She's pinched with cold, and looks half-starved."

John Carteret started up.

"The poor ye have always!"—the words sounded in his ears.

There was work for him—a path that he need not doubt about; and he went forth into the misty evening.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Arsenic in Wall-Papers.

A correspondent of the *British Medical Journal*, writes:—

"Hitherto it has been generally supposed that only papers entirely green, and of a very bright shade of green, were arsenical; but the fact is, as proved by the analysis of eminent chemists, that every paper which contains any green in the pattern, no matter how little, or of what shade, as a general rule contains arsenic, and is, therefore, injurious to health. One shade of green is no safer than another, for the very palest greens frequently contain large quantities of arsenite of copper, the brilliant color of which is toned down to any degree of paleness by the addition of chalk and sometimes of white lead; the result being that pale green papers often contain just as much arsenic as those of brighter color. The quantities of arsenic used in green papers appear almost unlimited, varying from the fractional part of a grain up to the frightful amounts of six, nine, fourteen grains and upwards, to the square foot. I have beside me some pale green papers, the analysis of which give those amounts, and illnesses produced by those papers proved in some cases all but fatal. I have also by me a paper with green leaves on a white ground, containing no less than eight grains to the square foot, which caused most serious illness.

"When the atmosphere of dwellings all over the kingdom, in town and country, is thus more or less poisoned with arsenic, the most volatile and the most subtle of all poisons, need we be surprised at the increasing prevalence of various forms of disease? Investigation of this subject is earnestly called for. I cannot but regard it as a question of great national importance, affecting masses of our population physically, mentally, and morally, to an extent little conceived at present. There appears good reason for believing that a very large amount of sickness and mortality among all classes is attributable to this cause, and that it may probably account for many of the mysterious diseases of the present day which so continually baffle all medical skill.

"Arsenic being exceedingly volatile, its effects by inhalation, both of gaseous emanations from the papers, and of the fine impalpable dust thrown off at all temperatures, are highly dangerous, producing symptoms both chronic and acute, which simulate various forms of disease. I say *simulate*, because I have seen cases where the symptoms of various diseases were produced by the irritation of the entire mucous membrane, and consequently of the whole system, resulting from the occupation of rooms with arsenical wall-papers; and on the removal of those papers the symptoms gradually subsided, thus proving that they were the result of irritation, and not of organic disease. But it would seem not improbable that prolonged exposure to the same poisonous influence may in time *produce* those diseases which are at first only simulated.

"Having witnessed the effects of slow-poisoning by arsenical papers in my own family and household during a number of years, and having suffered severely myself from the same cause, I speak from personal experience. During a period of twelve years we were rarely free from illness in some form or other. No fewer than twelve physicians, several of eminence, were consulted in London and elsewhere. They all agree as to the diseased conditions which existed, but not one succeeded in affording more than a measure of temporary relief. Children and adults of both sexes, including several servants, and numbering altogether fourteen persons, all suffered. The peculiar nature and obstinacy of the symptoms were such that I could not but think sometimes that some hidden cause was at work; which analysis of the papers of rooms occupied during those twelve years has since proved to be indisputably the case. The idea that arsenic papers were the cause of illness was suggested by the perusal of a little book not long since published, entitled 'The Green of the Period,' which gives much valuable information on the subject, and was put into my hands by a physician who was attending us. The proof that such was really the case lies in the fact, that on removing all the papers, containing green the symptoms were soon greatly relieved."

☞ An Ohio convict was married recently, and on the next day departed from his bride, to serve out a three years' sentence.

☞ What William Tell did as a matter of fiction, Captain Travis performed as a matter of fact in Cleveland the other evening, where he shot an apple from the head of a boy 12 paces distant, sending a bullet clean through the centre of the apple, which remained undisturbed on the boy's head.

☞ A PRETTY HOOD.—Childhood.

☞ A MORE EXPENSIVE HOOD.—Womanhood.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—300 bbls Red Stone sold at $7; 1000 do. Wm. B. Thomas at $6 25; 9000 do. at prices ranging from $4,25@4,50 for superfine; $4,50@5,25 for extra; $5,50@5,25 for Penna extra family; $6,50@7,50 for Northwest extra family; $6,50@7,25 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $7,50@9 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $4@4,25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—40,000 bus sold at $1,37@1,40 for Western red; $1,35@1,40 for Penna red; $1,30@1,35 for Delaware red; $1,42@1,45 for Western and Penna amber, and $1,50@1,65 for white. Rye—Sales of 2000 bus at 75@78c ₱ bus. Corn—Sales of 90,000 bus at 70@71c for yellow, and 68@70c for mixed. Oats—Sales of 110,000 bus at 40@41c for black; 42@45c for mixed, and 46@48c ₱ bus for white.

PROVISIONS—Sales of mess Pork at $14@14,25 ₱ bbl. City packed extra Mess Beef sells at $17@17,50 ₱ bbl. Beef Hams, $28@29. Bacon—Sales of sugar cured city smoked hams at 14@15½c; sides at 8¾@9½c, and shoulders at 7c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 12@13c; and shoulders, in salt, at 8@9½c. Lard—Sales at 9¾@9¾c for city and Western steam and kettle rendered. Cheese—Sales of New York factory at 8@10½c. Butter—Sales of roll 18@36c, and packed at 12@14c. Eggs sell at 23@24c; Western at 19@20c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—Sales of 800 bales at 18¾@19¾c for middling upland, and 19¾@20c for New Orleans.

BARK—50 hhds sold at $25 ₱ ton for No 1 Quercitron. Tanners' Bark at $11@12 ₱ cord for chestnut.

BEESWAX sells at 33@34c ₱ lb for Yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples sell at 8¾@7¾c. Green Peaches sell at 75c@$1,85 ₱ basket, and Green Apples at $3@5 ₱ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 lbs, $1,30@1,40; mixed do, $1,00@1,15; Straw, $1,00@1,15.

HOPS—Sales of Prime at 20@25c.

IRON—Pig Iron—1000 tons No 1 Foundry at $36@$37, and No 2 at $35 ₱ ton. Bar Iron sells at $77@80. Scotch Pig commands $35 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed at 10@10½c; 3500 bus Timothy seed sold at $3,50@3,75; Flaxseed sells at $1,90.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3000 head. The prices realized from 7@7¼ cents ₱ lb. 250 Cows brought from $25 to $55 ₱ head. Sheep—1,9000 head were disposed of at from 5@6c ₱ lb. 2832 Hogs sold at from $7 to $7,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

R. R. R.

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It is not too much to say that more than half the people of the civilized world need an occasional tonic, to enable them to support the strain upon their bodies and minds, which the fast life of this restless age occasions. In fact, a pure, wholesome, unexciting tonic is the grand desideration of the busy millions, and they have the article in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. It is a staminal medicine, i. e. it imparts permanent strength to weak systems and invigorates delicate constitutions. Its reputation and its sales have steadily increased. Competitive preparations have been introduced *ad libitum*, and, as far as the public is concerned, *ad nauseam*, in the hope of rivalling it; but they have all either perished in the attempt or been left far in the rear. It has been the great medical success of the present century, and it is quite certain that no proprietary medicine in this country is as widely known, or as generally used.

Ten lightning presses, running incessantly (Sundays excepted,) the whole year through, barely supply the demand for the Illustrated Almanac, in which the nature and uses of the preparation are set forth, the circulation now being over eight millions a year. ye2-5t

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The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine has been used for *thirteen years* in the wardrobe department of our Institute, doing the miscellaneous sewing for nearly fifty persons with despatch and satisfaction. From twenty to thirty of the machines are in use in the vicinity, and all giving the same good satisfaction as ours.

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Burnett's Cocoaine promotes the growth of the Hair. Free from irritating matter.

WINNEMA.

FROM JOAQUIN MILLER'S "SONGS OF THE SIERRAS."

"Behold the clouds," Winnema said;
"All purple with the blood of day;
The night has conquered in the fray,
The shadows live and light is dead."

She turned to Shasta gracefully,
Around whose hoar and mighty head
There roll'd a sea of golden red,
While troops of clouds a space below
Where drifting wearily and slow,
As seeking shelter for the night,
Like weary sea-birds in their flight;
Then carved her white arm gracefully
Above her brow, and bowed her knee,
And chanted in an unknown tongue
Words sweeter than were ever sung.
"And what means this?" I gently said;
"I spoke to God, the Yopitone,
The King, on yonder snowy throne."
She softly said, with drooping head;
"I bow'd to God. He heard me speak.
I felt his firm breath on my cheek;
He heard me my desires tell,
And He is good and all is well."

The dappled and the dimpled sky,
The sweet stars and the tinted moon,
All smiled as sweet as sun at noon.
Her eyes were like the rabbit's eyes,
Her miea, her manner, just as mild,
And though a savage war-chief's child,
She would not harm the lowest worm;
And though her beaded foot was firm,
And though her airy step was true,
She would not crush a drop of dew.
Her love was deeper than the sea,
And stronger than the tidal rise;
And clung in all its strength to me.
A face like hers is never seen
This side the gates of Paradise,
Save in some Oriental dream,
And then none ever sees it twice—
Is seen but once, and seen no more;
Seen but to tempt the skeptic soul,
And show a sample of the whole
That Heaven has in store.

PRACTICAL NOTES

FOR

FUTURE CALIFORNIA TOURISTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY A LADY.

No. 5.

"The Heathen Chinee."

Soon after leaving the hotel in San Francisco, we found ourselves in the midst of these "Heathen Chinese," and with eyes and ears alert for every novel thing, found much to amuse. Following our pioneer, we entered a doorway, and passed up a flight of stairs, at the head of which we found ourselves in a room which proved to be a restaurant, where they were engaged preparing dishes ready to meet the wants of their customers who called after the theatre closed.

Such odd looking hashed up stuff, set on divers little plates, looked anything but tempting to us. One side near the stairway was the counter for settlement of bills, and here were gathered several who attracted our attention in paying accounts. The calculation was made by passing the first and second finger, which were ornamented with nails of great length, over balls the size of marbles, placed on wires; by shoving these about in different positions, they arrived at the result with wonderful accuracy, and more rapidly than a good accountant could possibly do with paper and pencil.

Adjoining this room was a tea-room, occupied by several Chinamen. In the centre stood a circular table, which they had evidently just risen from. On it was a small dish, filled with some kind of seed similar to the dried seed of our citron melon, around were placed empty cups, with funny dwarf-like spoons, and little plates—all of the tiniest style, even less than the toy dishes children usually play tea party with. The cups were not larger than half an egg shell. To look at the table alone, one might fancy fairies had supped there, but the surroundings soon dispelled the thought.

The walls were covered with pictures, their principal charm being the size, surely they could possess no other. On either side of the door were alcoves with a raised floor, two feet higher than that of the room. In each of these reclined two Chinamen, a lighted lamp placed between them, at which they relighted the opium pipes they were smoking. Each was supporting one shoulder by a block placed under it, and as they lay facing each other, together shared a third block, by resting their elbows upon it. On our entering they roused up to look a moment at us, then returned to their positions, to indulge their appetite for opium till, stupified, they laid their pipes one side and slept. One, more fond of music than of opium, suddenly seized an instrument similar to a banjo, producing sounds so hideous we were thankful when he left our presence.

Tea being ordered for the party, I imagined the same tiny cups would be brought for our use, and was so disappointed at having large ones, I did not drink from them, but took pleasure in seeing "John" bring in one article at a time, saying "Dat tea," "dat milk," "dat sugar," his face beaming with the smile "cullo-like and bland," as at the last he offered us cigarettes to regale ourselves after the tea drinking.

Bidding good-evening we left them, and strolled on after our leader, soon entering a mysterious looking passage which led, we were told, to a "Josh House," their place of worship. It seems to matter not what time of night you fancy wandering around among Chinamen, they appear never to sleep, but step out in front of you ready to do your bidding as though they had been waiting your coming. The entrance to this place was dark and dismal; yet here was one who when told our wishes instantly said, "Me get light, me go," and with his light as a beacon we went up two long flights of stairs, and then entered a room where sat "Josh" in all his glory, though so surrounded with Chinese hieroglyphics that in the dim light it was difficult to gaze upon him without the feeling of childhood returning, when you cover your face, fearing you will see the horrid thing again.

There were many strange looking articles about the room, suggesting a museum of ancient war implements, which they use in various ceremonies. Vases of Joss sticks stood on the altar, which they consult for good or bad fortune. After bowing and praying in front of "Josh," they draw a stick from the vase, all of which are numbered, and then refer to a book of corresponding numbers, which decides their fate.

I said, "Do these always tell true?" The Chinaman looked at me, and said most seriously, "Always, always true." We were amused as we neared the door for the purpose of leaving, to find the wisdom of "John" in selecting the stranger of the party for the fee, saying, "Quart dollar," and the gentleman looking over a handfull of change, finding only half dollars, John said, "Dat do, four bits good as two."

There are three "Josh houses," all of which we visited. They are all similar, though in one we saw a huge-looking monster, with his mouth filled with mutton chops, beef, and disgusting pieces of food. They had been feeding "Josh," and the selection may have been tempting when offered, yet if he fancied it, he would have been apt to shut his mouth upon it, and not stood there like a great tiger with jaws wide open.

When our guide informed us our next point was the theatre, and we would be in season to see as much of the performance as we desired, we hastened on. As we stopped inside the entrance, our eyes involuntarily turned to our friend to know if this was the place he intended to bring us, such a conglomeration of sounds surely never was heard out of Bedlam. They call it "music." If you have ever been in the country when the bees hived, and all interested gathered together with pans and kettles, pounding with all their force, that din would seem sweet music compared with these sounds. Truly it does not possess one harmonious note.

The acting cannot be appreciated save by their own kind. An educated Chinaman sitting near, told us they were representing a war between two nations. A piece runs on from week to week, "to be continued in our next," suggesting newspaper stories. The performers rush on the stage, and after flourishing around in a most ridiculous manner, leave in the same hurried way. The audience appear as well satisfied as those in other places of amusement; the house was small, but well filled. Few women were among them—those that were, had their heads dressed most elaborately, and adorned with flowers, sprays of glittering tinsel, or bows of ribbon—the hair oiled and arranged to represent a butterfly or the keel of a vessel. The hair is arranged once a week, and to preserve its beauty (?) they rest the neck at night in a block of wood made for the purpose, that the hair may not come in contact with anything to disarrange it, and thus willingly sacrifice comfort for pride. Our party were content to leave before the performance closed, and were satisfied with sight-seeing for the evening. It was quite late, yet as we passed along we could see men ironing as though they intended to continue at the work all night. They all look so alike, that you feel quite ready to argue that the man has not left off work an instant for twenty-four hours, but you are told that is not the same man, but when the first grew sleepy he lay down under the table, and another came out to take his place. As you stand looking at him, he spreads out the article he is going to iron, but which is not sprinkled, and stooping over, touches his mouth to a bowl of water which he keeps near, and, as he irons, he throws a spray from his lips over the article fine as dew. Some object to their washing on this account, but the good ironing was too much for me to resist, though I should object to having my biscuits polished in this way for breakfast, as they say "John" insists on doing when cooking for you. Though we were weary we loitered along, looking in at them till we came into another portion of the city among our own kind whose habits were more familiar.

All night long my dreams were of Chinese, and towering above all sat "Josh" waving huge sticks at me that I might know my future.

We had arranged to start for the Geysers the following morning, so arose early to prepare for the trip.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KIND WORDS.

The value of a kind word cannot be truly estimated. How many, many times have we ourselves been lifted up as it were, and made to feel that there are some kind and loving hearts in this world who *did* think of the miseries of those around them. If we can do nothing more than give a kind word here and there as we journey through life, let us do it from the heart, we are made happier at the same time that we are doing we know not how much good to others who are less fortunate than ourselves. Oh, let us *not* pass by with a cold look upon those who by accident and even through crime have fallen. Be sure we have our reward here as well as in the hereafter.

Anecdotes of Henry Clay.

It is known that Mr. Clay was remarkable for his recollection of faces. A curious incident of his wonderful power is told of his visit to Jackson, Mississippi, in the year 18—. On his way the cars stopped at Clinton for a few moments, when an eccentric but strong-minded old man made his way up to him, exclaiming as he did so, "Don't introduce me for I want to see if Mr. Clay will know me."

"Where did I know you?" said Mr. Clay.

"In Kentucky," answered the keen-sighted, but one-eyed old man.

Mr. Clay struck his long bony finger upon his forehead, as if in deep thought. "Have you lost that eye since I saw you, or before?" inquired Mr. Clay.

"Since," said the man.

"Then turn the sound side of your face to me, that I may get your profile."

Mr. Clay paused for a moment, his thoughts running back many years. "I have it," said he. "Did you not give your verdict as a juror, at Frankfort, Ky., in the great case of the United States vs. Innis, twenty-one years ago?"

"I did! I did!" said the overjoyed old man.

"And is not your name," said Mr. Clay, "Hardwicke?"

"It is, it is," replied Dr. Hardwicke, bursting into tears. "Did I not tell you," he said to his friends, "that he knew me, though I have not seen him from that time to this?" Great men never forget faces.—*Bench and Bar by L. J. Bigelow.*

☞ Hot Sundays have been the rule this season.

☞ The Parisians are making great preparations for the fall fashions in dress.

BLACK DAVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

Black Dave, we called him, because he was so very swarthy in his complexion. He came into our camp one night with his pick and other mining traps, just as we were preparing for our evening meal.

"Hulloo, stranger!" exclaimed five of us, while Doles, who was acting as cook, faced about, his face nearly as red as a penny, and his hat just hanging upon the back of his head, and with one of his peculiar, comical squints, echoed our "Hulloo!" and added affirmatively, rather than questioningly,

"Just from the States, eh."

"Just from the States," replied the newcomer, and dumping his pick and pack in the corner, he threw himself upon the turf by the fire.

"And prospecting?" went on Doles, not looking up; but, twirling the stick upon which he was broiling a junk of meat."

"Yes," laconically; "that's it, prospecting."

"Any sight?" again jerked out Doles, shrinking back from a flurry of smoke that gushed up in his face.

"This is, so far, the best sight that I have seen," said the stranger frankly, and nodding towards the jumbled up preparations for supper.

"Thought so;" nodded Doles, approvingly. "Most ready," he went on, and turning to the rest of us lazy fellows, who were plying the new comer with questions, he blustered out.

"Some of you small fry haul out the table and lug on the pewter."

There was a general laugh at the remark about "small fry," Doles himself being less than half the weight of the thinnest one of us. Slight as a girl almost, yet he was muscular and strong, and, withal, the wit of the camp. I might as well give you an idea of the five of us, beside Doles, that composed the camp at Rawley's Ford, before the arrival of the stranger. There was Richard Brace, a gigantic Vermonter, who for his immense breadth had won the sobriquet in camp of "Shoulder Brace;" and Dawson, a huge, fleshy downeaster. Of him Doles had said, classifying temperaments, that he was of the limb-fat-ic (lymphatic) order. Then Nat Munster, whose extreme nervousness and rapidity of speech and action, had led Doles to class him flea-matic (phlegmatic.) Our whistling, singing, Charley Brand had earned the cognomen of Solo Brand.

Last, before myself, came Myers—an ungainly, six foot five inch fellow, loose-jointed, thin-meated, and extremely slovenly in habits.

"At his demise," Doles loquaciously remarked, "we will name him under the head of bony-partist, dis-nasty (Bonapartist Dynasty.)

I did not escape the shafts of Doles, by any means, but so long as he would take any amount of good-natured abuse, we were constrained to do the same.

When we came among the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, we had mixed in with a gang of miners to work near Sutter's claim, but they had proved to be quarrelsome, and the worst kind of their class. As easily and quickly as possible we drew off from them, camping further up; still we were not so distant, but that we could often hear the wild uproar of their quarrelsome, drunken debauchery.

In obedience to orders, one of our number, Charley Brand, drew out the table, which was the rough deal bench used partly for seat, and sometimes for bed, and each man dabbed on to this primitive sideboard his pewter plate and metal dipper.

When the last piece of reeking pork had been deposited in the pan, with much sizzling at his hot fingers, and some mild imprecations concerning the warmth of his bread, the somewhat scorched bannocks were drawn from the rock-oven by our cook, and piled upon a board in the centre of the bench. Afterwards, our dippers were soused under the liquid in the pot, and deposited beside our plates.

"Fall to, stranger," called Doles, dipping him a noggin of the aforementioned inky fluid which we called coffee.

No second invitation was needed. The new comer heartily relished the bill of fare which the miners would not exchange for all the pastry in creation.

"Stop at Sutter's on your way up?" questioned Dawson, as he guzzled the last swallow of his inky potation.

"Not long; they were in a wrangle there, and so I moved on."

"Always are in a wrangle there—master fellows for a fight—regular stabbers and gougers.

"Doles, he ventured down there awhile, after we camped up here, and he wasn't gone more'n an hour, came back and had to wear his eye in a sling for a month. Master fighters."

So conversation became general. Every one loaded and fired his pipe, and told stories between the energetic or the indolent whiffings of smoke.

David Welles—or Black Dave as he came to be known, partly to distinguish him from David Dawson, but mostly because of his swarthy color, was very reserved in his communications. He hailed from an Eastern State. His friends and family resided there, and he had come to the mines not so much in quest of a fortune as of new scenes and surroundings.

Looking at his full, massive brow, and noting his correct speech, I got to thinking directly that there was a mystery about him, and not a pleasant one either so far as he was concerned.

We soon learned that he was a man of no bad habits. He never joined in the games of poker and "old sledge," which the boys thought so indispensable a course of amusement. He never touched a glass of liquor, some of which the boys always brought up from San Francisco so as to be prepared for sickness or accidents. He used no profane language. We all liked him, although several of our squad got it directly in their heads that he was cowardly, from his always edging away from the disputes and wrangles which we often ran into when, by chance or for business, we visited the large camp at Sutter's Claim.

I didn't view his conduct in this light. I believed that his soul was finely strung and sensative, and that ruffianism shocked him.

That Black Dave was indeed careless of making a pile, was evident—for whatever was needed, he was the first to propose replenishment in camp; and when during the spring Doles came down with a disagreeable sort of fever, Black Dave threw out the dust to cover expenses, and was always ready to watch with the sick man. And this, too, when Doles, in his careless, dare-devil way, had made Black Dave more than once the butt of a practical joke.

Yes, Black Dave was of different metal from the other miners. His solemn, sad face rarely relaxed into a smile, excepting when Dole's drolleries made it impossible to remain grave.

Well, we camped right there at Rawley's Ford all that season. We didn't do any great things in the way of dust, but the most of us just then were tired of prospecting, especially when every two or three days parties from different sections filed past on the lookout for nuggets, and generally came sneaking back to their old holes, with the air of hounds or pointers who had run for a trail and missed it.

But at last I got at Black Dave's history.

It isn't at all likely that I shall ever forget that night—with the moonlight touching the towering peaks of the Sierras, and peopling the weird charms with shadow spectres.

All the boys, save Doles and Charley Brand, were down at San Francisco, having taken down our dust for deposit and for purchasing supplies. Doles and Charley, both boyish sort of fellows, had grown weary of such old folks as Black Dave and myself, and were down at Sutter's Claim, watching, or participating in the nightly orgies of the place.

How solemn and grand my companion looked sitting in the pointed doorway of our canvas tent, with white bars of moonlight lacing his breast with silver, and working some strange patterns upon his shoulders, as if with the aid of the stunted tree through which they glimmered, they were laboring to promote him.

"Well, Carnes," he said at last, after a long silent glance upon the solemn beauty without, "I have been here six months, and I think that it is but right that you, at least, know my history. You have never misjudged me and it is your due."

"Not if it will distress you to tell it," I quickly rejoined; "and I don't know as I care to hear it, anyway."

"But I shall feel relieved for telling it, I think."

"Then go on."

But he did not continue directly. In fact, impelled by a something which I will not attempt to describe, we both rose from our seats and stepped outside.

Such a grand, sublime solitude. The majestic mountains boldly defined by the gorges between, and the dark shadows at the base, and the moon wheeling westerly, filling space with her cool, placid brilliancy, so that the stars twinkled dimly and but half discernable. The occasional call of a night-bird circling high above our vision, and the sharp, distinct cry of some belated wild animal calling its mate, came to our ears.

We gave another glance toward Sutter's, where twinkled two or three lights from the different tents, and from which ascended shouts, hoarse laughter, and snatches of bacchanalian song.

"Three years ago," he launched directly into the narrative, when we had again sat down, "I married one of the prettiest little girls in Fairmount. Yes, I had roved about the world a great deal, but finally concluded to settle down near my parents, and with Janey, lead a steady, peaceable life.

"There was too much disparity in our ages, but I did not realize it then. I had seen the world, and wearied of its folly and instability, but these things had not come to my wife. She was young and volatile, and although I did every staid, sensible thing to make her happy, yet my cold dignified manner, I think, awed and chilled her. She always moderated her mirth in my presence, and stole to my side timid and fearful of rebuke. But I did not realize that she was anything but happy, even as I was myself content and happy.

"During the second year of our marriage, fate sent a young man into our seaside village to recruit his wasted strength. Fate also sent him next door to us.

"How they became acquainted at first I do not know, but it was a very short time before Harry Jennings and she were on the most friendly terms. Did Janey employ herself in tying up her roses or in pinning down her verbenas he was always leaning upon the fence an interested spectator. If the honeysuckle blew down, ere I could get the spare time to rearrange it, his ready assistance was accepted, and I was left to harrowing reflections. Still my feelings for weeks took no definite shape, until one evening coming home earlier than usual, some spirit of evil prompted me to pass to the house through the garden instead of coming to the gate as had ever been my custom.

"Jennings laughed just as I came upon the eastern end of the piazza. I stopped in amazement. Had it gone so far that he visited her in my absence? He laughed, I say, evidently at something which he had been telling her. She made no reply for some time, then she said very sadly:

"'If Miss Piper is commenting upon our friendship I fear that it must all end here.'

"'Why, Janey?' what a world of *something* there was in his voice.

"'Because—because—I do not think that David would like it if he knew.'

"'David! He—I declare,' scoffed Jennings, and not without some reason I bitterly confessed even then, 'he don't know any difference between a pretty woman like yourself and his horse.'

"'Don't?' she began, when my unexpected 'good-evening' startled both.

"Somehow I didn't taunt them with their perfidy; somehow I couldn't, with that cool, calculating, devilish expression in Jennings' gray eyes. I did not have to peril my dignity long, for our visitor soon excused himself and went home. I did not accuse Janey of her falsity. I have thought since that it would have been better if I had, but with a sorely distressed air she retired to her chamber. For two days and nights I hardly ate or slept, and every moment the demon of jealousy raged more fiercely in my breast. Unfortunately, on the evening of the third day, as I came home from work I met Jennings evidently coming from my place then. There was a malicious sparkle in his eye—something took possession of me. I barred his progress. We were on the high bluffs by the shore.

"'We'll have it out here,' I groaned between my teeth, 'it is as well first as last.'

"'I don't understand,' said he, paling at something which he saw in my face.

"'Yes, you do,' I replied. 'You know that you have invaded my home and forever ruined my happiness, and evasion will not avail you. No wonder you blanch before me. Coward, sneak, and robber.'

"These taunts stung him to the quick. He said things which he need not have said, amongst the rest that he was an old time lover of Janey's, that she had chosen me only because I had property and he had none. Yes, he said what he need not at that time, with my blood boiling as it was in my veins.

"I caught him up in my arms as if he had been a feather, and thought, at first, to topple him into the sea. Something restrained me, and I dashed him from me. Alas! alas! his head crashed against a pointed rock. He lay at my feet bleeding, dead. In an instant it all rushed over me—what I had forfeited—what I had lost. I threw myself beside the body. I think that I must have remained insensible some time. When I came to myself the instinct of self-preservation was strong upon me. I fled along the coast of P——. A steamer was about starting. I hurried on board, and once in New York secured immediate passage here.

"In this remote corner of the world better thoughts have come over me. I would immediately return, only I would spare my old mother the pang of seeing her only son upon the gallows. But the world is changed to me. I am consumed of remorse. I should have been merciful. Janey had loved him first. He was better and handsomer than myself, and more of her organization. I ought to have reasoned the matter with her, and then offered to release her. God forgive me for what in my frenzy I did to the poor fellow; even then I did not mean to murder him."

Black Dave writhed like a trodden worm under the lashings of memory. I would have comforted him if I could.

"Did you not—have you not written home since being here."

"Yes, one letter to my sister a little while ago, explaining everything for my mother's sake. Hark!"

There came in to our ears a wild outcry from the direction of the camp at Sutter's Claim. We sprang to our feet and dashed outside. Hoarse cries, shouts and one or two pistol shots were heard, and a wild call of "Help! help!"

"Come, Carnes," shouted Black Dave, "there's murder down there," and he rushed down the hill with herculean strides.

Half-way between our camp and Sutter's we met Doles, bareheaded and panting.

"Quick, Dave, they've shot Billy Reeves and are murdering Charley Brand—an old grudge."

Where were they now who had accused Black Dave of cowardice? With the speed of a deer and the heavy jar of an elephant the gigantic fellow, with no weapon but his powerful fists, dashed into the murderous melee. Before one could speak, three or four of the ruffians were hurled their length upon the rough plank floor, and Dave, standing astride of the murdered man and the man whom they were murdering (they had evidently sought to defend each other and were in a heap in the middle of the floor) unmindful of pistol shots, was hurling back the assailants with the power of a giant.

For a few moments the fight was bloody and brutal, but the vigor of cool nerve overmatched drunken frenzy.

"Stand back," shouted Doles, twisting his lithe form in with that of a drunken gambler, and bringing him down with a crash that shook the rough frame-work of the cabin. "Shoot them down," he cried. "Look out for Dave."

I did not choose to shoot, but I did use the butt of my Derringer upon the skull of a ruffian who had attempted to put his knife between the shoulder blades of Black Dave.

It is impossible to tell what the end would have been had not a reinforcement appeared for us, in the form of a party of tourists and prospectors. They went in for a free fight, and in fifteen minutes the Sutter claim fellows were overcome.

But trouble enough grew out of that night's work. Billy Reeves had been a Mississippi boatman, and that night had ran afoul of some former associates on whom he had turned state's evidence a year or two before, and they had wiped off old scores. Charley Brand, in defending him, had received several flesh wounds. Doles had to wear that same comical eye of his in a sling again, where one of the roughs had fitted the butt of his pistol into the socket. Black Dave never received a scratch.

We buried Reeves, and were not long in finding out that we were entirely too near the camp at Sutter's Claim. We were persuaded of this by some of our boys being fired into two or three times when straying beyond the near vicinity of our party.

We packed our traps and moved down into the vicinity of Beltonville—a flourishing settlement of four cabins, one liquor shop and a long slab-sided caboose, entitled the Lair Inn. Never was there a more appropriate name given a place, for it was the lair of wild beasts in the form of men. But I must hasten. We had been in this last locality about six months. Not one of the boys had ploughed off from our company. Black Dave had became the Mentor of the whole party. They all knew his history, and so understood his ways. He had given me leave to tell them. He seemed rather more cheerful as time wore on. The new arrivals and shifting scenes occupied his mind.

One stormy night, just after the rainy season had set in, our monotony was broken up in an unexpected manner. We were very busy just then washing our dirt, and we almost drew lots to see who should leave off and go down to the Ranch for supplies. We were only fifteen miles from the village of F——, and a stage ran once a week from F—— up to our place.

Black Dave concluded to go this time, and started off so as to be back in the evening. He came back to camp white and shaking in every limb. When he threw himself from his mustang and reeled up to where I was standing, I lost the use of my tongue through astonishment at seeing him as I supposed intoxicated, for the first time in our acquaintance. But the moment he came nearer I saw that it was not liquor.

"Why, Dave," I ejaculated, terror-stricken, "what is it?"

"I have seen a disembodied spirit," he hoarsely whispered.

"Gone mad with his trouble," I said to myself, and then to him: "Where, Dave?"

"Just down here by the tavern."

"Nonsense! I am not a believer in ghosts."

"Neither am I, but if I did not see the spirit of Harry Jennings I never saw the sun rise."

"Oh, Dave, you are excited. It is probably a striking likeness, or it may be Jennings himself."

He writhed as if in pain.

"You forget that I murdered him."

"May be not, Dave. I have always had my doubts upon that subject. Had he really been murdered, I don't believe that they would have let you off so easily. At any rate, let us walk down that way."

Weak and trembling he linked his arm in

with mine, and we moved down towards the Lair; stepping softly to the window we looked into the bar-room.

"There," gasped my companion, clutching my arm, and pointing to the figure of a man seated by the table.

"That fellow with the hat on?"

"Yes."

"He's no ghost. That's a real flesh and blood man—let me go and speak to him."

"No, wait," said Dave with chattering teeth. "If—it—is him in reality, I don't know as I will—as I dare, come near him."

"Tut, man, conquer that feeling immediately. What other feeling can counterbalance being free from the remorse of being a murderer."

"True!" he answered, with an effort. "You may call him out."

I entered the bar-room and making my way towards the man who still sat with his hat slouched down over his eyes, I pronounced the one word:—

"Jennings."

He started as if shot.

"Who speaks?"

"A friend," I replied.

"I do not recognize you."

"I suppose not. I am personally unknown to you; but, from your honest glance, I half guess your business in this wild region."

He glanced with the rapidity of lightning into my countenance, and said—

"Are you a sorcerer?"

"I am not; yet you are in search of David Welles."

"Heavens, man! how do you know this? And tell me if you know ought of him?"

"He is now within a rod of this place."

He was greatly excited, and sprang to his feet.

"I must see him—lead me to him."

I hesitated, seeing which he called out, lead on, on my own head rest the consequences."

Black Dave shrank back as we advanced through the starlighted and moonlighted path."

"David Welles," called Jennings, "we've both been in the wrong. You wronged your sweet wife, and tempted by a malicious demon, I misrepresented matters. I have come all the way out here to find you, and set things right. As soon as I recovered from the bad wound upon my head, I saw that I had been all wrong, and by my own desire as well as by the wishes of your family, I traced and hunted you up. Will you forgive me? or will you say nay?"

For a few moments Dave struggled with conflicting emotions, but the better thoughts conquered and he extended his hand.

"Far be it from me, when God has been so merciful as to remove this load of horror from my mind, to refuse forgiveness to you, although you did me a great wrong."

"I know it; but I have sought to atone."

"If your brother trespass against you seventy times seven, and repent and turn to you again, Dave, you are to forgive him," I said.

"It is true," he replied; "but my wife?"

"Is well, but sad and disconsolate."

"My mother?"

"Is nearly the same as when you left her."

"I shall, heaven willing, return home immediately."

"I would; you can go as readily and quickly as the mail; and the sooner suspense is ended with them all the better it will be."

When it was known that Black Dave was to leave us, loud lamentations went up with clouds of tobacco smoke, but we could not wish to hinder his journey. We went down to San Francisco with him, and shook hands with him and wished him good speed. Every one of us felt better for having known him.

"Safe at home," he wrote us, "I find my heart yearning towards you all, and filled with tender memories. Boys, I pray for you all. The rough, dangerous, and exciting life of the miner wears your souls from home and God. Return to live and die among your friends."

Brave old Dave.

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SNOW STORM.

A dark, thick night, that of Friday, the twenty-third day of December. The London and Worcester mail was toiling its slow way along towards the latter city under difficulties. Snow was falling heavily: snow had been falling, more or less, for some days. The coach was unusually laden. Although it was the Royal Mail, and carried his Majesty's letters, it was not on that account exempt from parcels, especially at the busy Christmas season; and it was crammed with presents from people in London to their friends in the country. Baskets of fish, barrels of oysters, small hampers of wine, and passengers' luggage. Never had the Worcester mail been more weightily charged.

Four passengers sat inside; none out. People had not cared to risk the cold journey for so many hours when they could get an inside place. Of the passengers, one was a lady; the other three were gentlemen: and they leaned in their corners, well wrapped up, wishing the night was over, and inwardly grumbling at the tardy pace to which the state of the roads condemned them.

Slower and slower went the horses. After leaving London, they had got along pretty well and kept their time tolerably at the different halting places for the change of horses: it was only within an hour, or so, that the roads had become what they were—nearly impassable. The poor horses toiled and pulled: never a handsomer team to look at than those four bright brown steeds: but they could not get along. The coachman half blinded, himself, by the drifting storm, alternately coaxed and whipped them. The guard rose perpetually in his seat behind to look out on the white mist, so far as he could see of it in the light given by the mail lamps. Then he would put his horn to his mouth, and blow a blast; sometimes short and snappish, sometimes patient and prolonged. To what end? It only went shrieking and echoing away to the lone country, its sound losing itself in the snow.

The horses came to a stand-still, and the coachman turned his head to speak, from the midst of his mufflers. "Light your lantern, Jim, and see whether I be in the road."

The guard got down with his lighted lantern, and at once sunk up to his knees in snow. "This can't be the highway," he muttered to himself. "If 'tis, the storm must have fell here kindly."

It was impossible to tell whether they were in the road or not. Snow was everywhere. So far as could be seen by the limited space on which light was thrown, the look-out presented nothing but one white plain: and those small white mountains, revealing glimpses of themselves in places, might be heaping drifts that had gathered, might be hedges that were covered: no human being could tell. The horses, panting after the labored exertions they had made, tossed their heads to the reins, and tried to shake themselves free; but the leaders would not go forward of their own will, and to urge them might bring death.

"It is of no use, Smith," spoke the guard to the coachman at length from the depth of his many capes and comforters. "We can't go on."

"What's us to do, then?"

"May I be pressed if I know!"

Meantime the inside passengers were gradually awakening from their state of semi-sleep to the fact that they had come to a stand-still; that the mail was not progressing at all. Two of the gentlemen wore white cotton night caps; the third a purple silk handkerchief tied on his head; the lady was enveloped in a soft quilted bonnet. In those days of long night stages, it was the custom to prepare for sleep inside the coaches with as much regard to comfort as circumstances permitted. One of the windows was let down, and the purple handkerchief, together with the head wrapped in it, thrust itself out, to ascertain the cause of the delay.

"What's the matter?"

The guard with his lantern trod his way to the window at the call, as quickly as the depth of snow allowed him.

"We can't get on, sir."

"Not get on!" came the half-angry, half-authoritative rejoinder, in tones that are familiar to the reader. For the traveller with the purple silk handkerchief was Squire Arde.

"No, sir," repeated the guard. "We can't get on at all. The snow has been uncommon heavy here, and the horses are not able to make their way in it. It's coming down now as thick as ever I saw it: getting worse with every minute."

The startling news fully aroused the whole of the passengers. As many of the four heads as could come out at the windows, came out, their faces presenting various phases of that undesirable emotion—consternation.

"We must get on, guard," spoke Squire Arde, with the authority of one who is accustomed to command.

"I don't see how it is to be done, sir," civilly replied the man. "The leaders refuse to move of their own accord, as 'tware; and Smith dare not force 'em on. We don't know that we be in the road."

"But we *must* get on," pursued Squire Arde. "To-morrow will be Christmas Eve; and I—I—I have engagements at home that I cannot break or put off."

"To-day is Christmas Eve, sir," corrected the guard: "morning has been in some time. But we cannot get on any more for that."

"Whereabouts are we?" was heard from a passenger who was unable to get his head out.

"Not such a great night off Chipping Norton, sir," was the lucid answer. "Halfway, maybe. But it's all guess work."

"Is there any danger, guard?" called out the lady, in her quick, pleasant voice.

"Not as long as we keep still, ma'am."

"But surely we are not to keep still all night! Good gracious, guard! Why suppose—suppose another coach comes up and runs over us?"

"Another coach couldn't any more come up, ma'am, than we can get on," returned the guard, who seemed as much at a loss and as full of dismay as his passengers. "We might have done well to stop at Woodstock: the hostler there told Smith it would be a wonder if the mail made her way to Chipping Norton."

The gentleman with the largest cotton night cap was striking his repeater. By the hour it gave back, he knew they could not hitherto have been seriously delayed.

"Oh come, guard," said he, "it's not so bad. "I daresay we can get on with a little perseverance. The snow must have drifted just here."

"That's what it is, sir. If it had been as bad before, we couldn't have got along at all. But it's of no use trying to get through this."

"What is to be done, Smith?" roared Squire Arde at the top of his voice to the coachman. "What is to be done?"

"Nothing—so far as he head," was the substance of the coachman's reply, given with equanimity. "If he tried to force the animals on, it might result in a upset down a bank, and cost all on 'em their lives, men and cattle too."

Even Squire Arde's impatience would not wish to risk that result. But he urged a cautious trial: as indeed did his fellow-travellers. They thought it possible that the great drift of snow was confined to this one spot, and might be got through.

An effort was made. The guard and the passenger of the repeater went to the heads of the leaders; and for a short space and with great caution, some few yards of way were surmounted. But the snow got deeper: or, rather they got deeper into it. The coachman's decided opinion was, that they had lost the road; and that even this cautious moving was extremely perilous. So they desisted: life is sweet, and none of us willingly risk it lightly. There appeared nothing for it but to remain as they were—stationary.

And, remain so, they did, until morning light. None of the passengers ever forgot that night. The fame of it went abroad; and it is talked of to this day in the counties of Worcestershire, Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

When day dawned it was found that the coachman's conjoture was correct. They were off the road: and how they had penetrated without accident to the spot where they found themselves was a marvel. Inside of a ploughed field stood the coach, its previously broken fence having removed the barrier between it and the highway. *But the fence was broken only for a very short space, not much more than enough to allow of the horses and mail getting through.* It was this that rendered it remarkable—that they should have passed through at that one particular spot. The snow fell incessantly: the road, even could they have got back to it, was utterly impassable; to attempt to go on to Worcester was out of the question for the present. By dint of exertion and skill they reached a lonely farm house beyond the field; and within its hospitable walls and stables man and beast obtained the most welcome rest and shelter that any of them had ever enjoyed in their need.

I must beg of you to note the days: for there was a singular romance attached to this detention of the mail and its passengers. People, interested in the fact, were wont to say that it had been stopped by the Finger of Heaven. This day, Saturday, was Christmas Eve; the Sunday would be Christmas Day: and Monday the 26th would be the eve of Miss Arde's wedding day.

When Mr. Arde went to London on the Monday, putting up at the Castle-and-Falcon, it had been his full intention to quit it by the Thursday night's mail, so as to reach Worcester on Friday morning, and his own home in the course of the day. But, when Thursday came, he found he was not able to do this; and he wrote to his wife, saying he should be home without fail on Saturday.

This delay in London rather vexed him. For one thing it prevented his joining the state dinner given by Sir Dene Clanwaring on Friday; and Mr. Arde was fond of good dinners. The fault was his lawyers'; they were preparing Miss Arde's marriage settlement, and did not get it ready. He blew them up sharply; and on the Friday morning the deed was handed to him. On the Friday afternoon he was at the Bull-and-Mouth, and put himself into the Worcester mail—which in those days started early, either at four or five in the afternoon. He had with him the marriage settlement, and the marriage license; a fine cod fish and two barrels of oysters. So the mail started on its journey cheeringly enough; and traversed part of the distance only to find it could not traverse the rest. Mr. Arde, when writing to his wife, had said he should be home on Saturday "without fail." But here he was instead; snowed-up in that lonely farmhouse, somewhere in the region of Chipping Norton; and, on the whole, glad that a farm-house was there to be in.

Nevertheless, as the hours on the Saturday went on, and there appeared to be no chance whatever of their moving, for the snow continued to come down heavily at intervals, Mr. Arde chafed at the delay; showing some irritation on the point to his fellow-travellers, and telling them that urgent business awaited him at his home in Worcestershire. Very true; it did so. But, had the business been ten times as urgent, had it involved life or death, he could not any more have helped the detention. When the elements set themselves against man, man is powerless to contend with them.

Beds were improvised for the travellers on Saturday night. The farmer and his family were hospitable to the last degree, and did their best in every way to make their unexpected guests comfortable. The mail coach covered well with sacks to keep it dry, stood out in the snow; the horses were in the stables; the coachman and guard made themselves happy with the farmer's servants, and no doubt secretly enjoyed the holiday as an interlude of rest from their life's occupation.

Many were the anxious looks cast out on the weather when the travellers rose on Christmas morning. One sheet of white presented itself everywhere, and there was at least no chance of their getting on that day. The farmer feasted them right royally with turkeys, and other good things incidental to the season; amidst which appeared Mr. Arde's large cod fish and one of his barrels of oysters; a rare treat to the farmer and his people. They drew round the fire for dessert, to make merry, telling anecdotes and stories; and for a time Squire Arde forgot his vexation. Some friends of the locality who were to have partaken of the family's hospitality, dinner guests, could not get there for the snow.

On Monday, matters out of doors remained in the same state, and the prisoners had to be prisoners on that day still. Worse still, there seemed to be no indications that things would alter; and Mr. Arde was at his wit's end. He chafed, he fumed, he marched to the doors, he opened the windows, he took counsel with the coachman and guard. All to no purpose. The rest rallied him; the lady laughed at him good-humoredly; cheerful-hearted herself under all circumstances of existence, however untoward, she merrily told him that the adventure was agreeable, rather than otherwise, and would serve them to talk of the remainder of life. Mr. Arde at length disclosed the reason of his impatience—his daughter, whose wedding was fixed for the following day, could not be married without him, as he bore the license and the settlements. They allowed the plea; agreeing with him that the detention was unfortunate, but they were unable to speed him onwards.

"Only think if I should not be home by to-morrow morning," cried Mr. Arde, in accents of fear at the very thought.

"They would only have to postpone the ceremony for a day or two," cheerily pointed out the lady.

Squire Arde shook his head. "I don't like weddings being postponed," said he. "Old wives say it bodes ill-luck, you know, Mrs. W——. We must get away somehow to-night."

And out he went again in his restlessness, to see the guard and coachman.

Must get away to-night! Squire Arde might as well have said he must go up in a balloon and get the clerk of the weather to change the aspect of affairs. There was as much possibility of his doing the one as the other. Monday wore on. The travellers sat by the fire and played cards, and the good farmer feasted his guests again. Not one of them in after life forgot his genuine hospitality and kindness. For I am recording only what took place in actuality. Up to this time; all Saturday, all Sunday, all Monday; they had been detained. So prolonged and heavy a snowfall had not been known in the country for years and years.

Tuesday morning. Squire Arde was the first to gaze out anxiously. It was the wedding day—or ought to have been—and he was nearly rampant. For though a very easy man in general, it was in Mr. Arde's nature to put himself fiercely out when anything went wrong on great occasions; and perhaps the very consciousness of the fact that in his heart he did not cordially like Captain Clanwaring for his daughter's husband, made him all the more impatient to get the marriage over and done with. Doubt would then be off his mind. Ever and anon in the past few weeks a voice had been whispering to him that he and his wife might be wrong to have urged Jarvis Clanwaring upon May: she was young enough and could have waited to make another choice. However, what was fixed, was fixed: and the Squire now only wanted to be at home and get it over. But this snow-storm was preventing him.

As an imprisoned bird flutters his wings against the bars of his cruel cage, vainly endeavoring to escape from it, so it was with George Arde. He chafed as before, he fretted, he fumed; all to as little purpose as the poor caged bird. As the one cannot break his wire bars, neither could the other his fetters. What mattered it to Mr. Arde though the weather on this Tuesday morning was changing—giving evident signs of a speedy breaking up? It did not serve him. Had the roads between that farm-house and Hurst Leet been instantaneously rendered, by some miracle, clear as a bowling-green, he could not have reached home in time for the ceremony: no, not by the help of the fleetest horse. Mrs. W——, good, bright little woman, who had her cares even then, and was destined to have more as her life went on, talked to him for a few moments, in her pleasant way, and said she had known some of these apparently untoward disappointments turn out to have been all for the best. It is to be feared that the words went, as the saying runs, in at one ear and out at the other; for Mr. Arde could not see the argument at all. Thus Tuesday's hours struck one after the other, and the day drew towards its close.

And now Mr. Arde's patience was destined to receive its final and worst blow. By night—this Tuesday night—the main road became traversable. Word of this was brought to the farm; but the farm doubted. In point of fact it was so: for the thaw had been unusually rapid, and the highway was open for coaches. The mail that left London that same Tuesday evening, passed on its way, as they subsequently learnt, and reached Worcester on Wednesday morning, but an hour or two behind its time. But this other mail, ill-fated Mr. Arde's mail, was still a prisoner. The half mile of route necessary to get from the farm to the main way, that little bit of grass-grained route, partly ploughed field, partly narrow lane, was as yet impassable. Squire Arde could have beaten half the world in his helpless despair.

CHAPTER XVI.

AT BEECHHURST DENE.

In Gander's pantry, a sociable kind of room, pannelled with oak, stood over the fire Otto Clanwaring and the butler; the latter in his usual striped morning jacket, which he wore summer and winter, and with a tea-cloth in his left hand. Gander was frightfully discomposed. In all the years that the man had lived with Sir Dene, he had never been so put out as he was now, at the disappearance of the case of diamonds. It was Saturday morning, and Christmas Eve, for we have to go back a little to record what had been taking place during the snow-storm at Beechhurst Dene and elsewhere. The grand dinner, as may be remembered, took place on the previous night, Friday; and Sir Dene, fatigued with his exertions as host, was not yet up.

"No, Mr. Otto, you had better *not* go in to see him," Gander was saying, with quite the same amount of decisive authority that he had used when the barrister was a boy. "When my master says to me, 'Gander, you'll take care that I am not disturbed for a bit,' why it's my place to take care he's not, sir; and Sir Dene knows that I shall take care."

"I should be the last to disturb him against his will, Gander."

"Yes, I think you would be, Mr. Otto."

"The dinner was too much for him, that's the fact," observed Otto. "A courteous-natured man, as my grandfather eminently is, exerts himself at all cost to entertain guests when they are around him: and a state occasion like that of last night involves a continued strain on the exertions, mentally and physically. Sir Dene should have given up the presidency to—to Captain Clanwaring, and sat himself, as a guest."

"He'd not do that," disputed Gander. "While he's able to appear among 'em at all, it 'll be as head and chief. Quite right too. To Captain Clanwaring he never would give up," boldly added Gander; "he don't like him well enough. I can't tell but what he might ha' give up last night after what happened, had the heir, Mr. Dene been here."

Otto said nothing to this. Whatever might be his own private contempt for his elder brother, he did not choose to speak of it to the butler.

"What a snow we are having, Gander!" he cried, turning his eyes on the white landscape outside the window, by way of changing the conversation.

"'Twas not the entertaining o' the folks, Mr. Otto: my master's equal to that once in a way yet; thought I think it 'll be the last time he'll ever attempt it," resumed Gander, disregarding the remark about the snow. "'Twas that awful upset just as the company was arriving. My wonder was then, that he sat down to table at all. I'm sure I don't know whether I was on my head or my heels all the while I waited."

"Yes," said Otto, looking close at the fire, "it's not pleasant to miss one's family diamonds."

"No it's *not*," significantly spoke Gander. "Not a wink o' sleep has the poor master had for thinking on't. And he has been getting a notion into his head in the night about it that makes him feel worse."

"What's that?"

"Well, he think 'twas no common thief that took 'em," returned Gander, gently swaying his tea-cloth.

"No common thief!"

"No housebreaker, nor nothing o' that. 'Don't *you* be put out about it, Gander,' says he to me; '*you'd* not touch the diamonds'—for you see, Mr. Otto, 'twas an awk'ard loss for me, and I told him so; nobody but me and himself having access to the keys that unlocked the box. He had been thinking it over in the night, he went on to say, and he had come to the notion that somebody had took them diamonds to make money upon 'em."

Knowing what he did know the usually impassive face of the barrister turned as red as a school-girl's. Glancing up at Gander's clock, he made some light remark about the hour. But the butler would not be repressed.

"It have been nothing but worrying him for money this many a year past. Worry, worry, worry; I wonder sometimes that the master stands it; and so 'ud you wonder, Mr. Otto, if you were in the midst on't. My lady's at him perpetual; it's money for herself she wants, or for the captain, or for you. As for the captain he have not dared to ask on his own score this long while, for Sir Dene 'll never hear him."

Otto Clanwaring opened his lips to say that none of the solicited money had been for himself; but closed them again without speaking. A shrewd suspicion lay upon him, gathered from Gander's glance and from Gander's tone, that the man guessed it perfectly.

"And so, Mr. Otto, Sir Dene thinks, seeing that lately he has not responded much to the demands but just shut up his breeches pockets, that perhaps the diamonds have been took to make money upon. Borrowed, you know."

An idea crossed the mind of Otto Clanwaring that Gander had his suspicions that he, Otto, knew something of this; drawn no doubt from his perhaps too evident efforts to hush up the matter on the previous night when the loss was discovered. Otherwise the man would hardly so have spoken.

"I can only say, Gander, that I have not borrowed the diamonds—as you call it."

"Not likely, Mr. Otto. But now, you look here, sir. If them diamonds could be brought back—or if proof could be given to the master that they baint lost outright, sold, say, 'twould comfort him."

Otto really knew not what to answer.

"I was thinking, sir, that perhaps we might ha' got up a little bit of a plot you and me. If you could get the diamonds I'd carry the case in my hand to Sir Dene, and say: 'Look here, master, at what I've done; at my poor foolish memory;' and vow to him that I had put 'em elsewhere for safety when I was rubbing of 'em up, and forgot it—just as the Widow Barber put away that paper of her'n years ago, and couldn't find it again, and had to turn out of her place in consequence."

"Are you suggesting this out of consideration for Sir Dene, or for others?"

"Why, for Sir Dene of course, sir," replied Gander, with an emphasis and a flick to the tea cloth, that seemed to imply he'd not trouble himself to do it for others. "I'd spread the diamonds out before him to comfort him, and he'd believe, listening to me, that they had never been lost, but in my stupid memory. 'Twould be a pack o' lies; but heaven 'ud forgive me for the sake o' the poor master. He's too old to have these tricks played upon him, Mr. Otto; and the loss o' them diamonds is just telling upon his mind; and I dun know what the end on't 'll be."

There was a pause of silence. The barrister had his head bent as if in thought; Gander and his cloth were perfectly still, waiting for an answer.

"Tell me freely why you are saying this," said Otto, looking up suddenly, his indifferent tone changing to a frank one. "You have something in your thoughts, Gander."

"Well, sir, as it's you, and you ask me, I think I will tell. Captain Clanwaring has got the diamonds."

An exceedingly disagreeable sensation resembling shame seized hold of Otto on hearing this. He gave the man a word of reprimand and bade him not talk so fast. It was not Otto's duty to betray his brother.

"I am just as sure of it as that we two be talking here, Mr. Otto," persisted Gander. "After the company had gone last night, Miss Louisa—Mrs. Letsom that is—came into my pantry here, and began talking about the diamonds, vowing she would have every nook and corner o' the house turned out, and every servant in it searched, them and their boxes. All in a minute, in come Captain Clanwaring. He seized hold of her and said—well, I hardly know what he said, Mr. Otto, and at the time he didn't see, for I'd gone behind the screen there. Just a few words it was, ordering her to be *quiet;* but they startled me. His face was as white as white paint when it's got varnish on't, a kind o' blazing white. He had took enough to drink too. I knew then who had got the diamonds; and Miss Louisa, I fancy she knew, for she turned as white as he was, and never spoke another word. 'Twas my lady who took 'em out o' the chest, I guess. Must ha' been. Nobody but her could get to Sir Dene's keys—save me."

Otto Clanwaring, the rising barrister, casting glances towards a future chief judgeship, possibly to something higher than that, bit his lip almost to bleeding. How painful this was to him, a man of honor, his sharp accent told.

"Then it was you who instilled these suspicions into the mind of Sir Dene, Gander!"

"Not a bit on't, sir. I've never let 'em out o' my mind till this moment, and I shan't speak of 'em again. Sir Dene took 'em up for himself in the night while he lay awake. Hinting at 'em to me this morning when I went in, I pretended to say that he must be mistaken."

"And you must be mistaken, Gander," spoke Otto decisively. "Better not let Captain Clanwaring hear you."

"Let it go so, Mr. Otto," returned the man calmly. "But—if there's any means o' getting the diamonds back, *get* 'em back, for the poor master's sake."

"Sir Dene must talk to you very confidentially, Gander!"

"So he do, sir. There's been nobody else here the past twelvemonth for him to talk to, but me, and he has got into the habit on't. You've all been away but the captain; and the master wouldn't talk to him. If Mr. Tom was here 'twould be different."

The ringing of Sir Dene's bell broke up the colloquy. Gander threw his tea cloth on a chair and hastened up-stairs: leaving Otto standing over the fire.

It was a painfully humiliating moment for Otto Clanwaring. That the affair had taken place exactly as the old serving man divined—his mother abstracting the case from the chest and handing it to Jarvis—Otto felt as sure as though he had seen it done. With his whole heart, he hated the clear-sightedness of Gander in this. Although he had been in the family so many years as to be almost like one of themselves, it was not pleasant that he should be cognizant of this disgraceful act.

"What a curse are spendthrift habits!" cried the barrister in his bitterness.

Quitting the pantry, he bent his steps to the library, where he expected to find his mother and brother alone. He intended to act on Gander's suggestion, and ask them to redeem the diamonds, if possible. The time had gone by for mincing the matter in the opinion of Otto Clanwaring.

With the snowy landscape out of doors so suggestive of cold, and the blazing fire within, the library presented a picture of warm comfort. Lady Lydia and Jarvis sat on a sofa, and were evidently consulting together. Jarvis lay back against one of its cushions, yawning and stretching, and not looking any the fresher for the quantity of wine taken at the past night's dinner. Otto took up his stand before them; and in a low voice and in a few words said what he had to say. It brought my lady bolt upright. She told Otto he was mad.

"I know you have pledged the diamonds, Jarvis," went on Otto. "What did you get upon them?"

"It's a lie," said polite Jarvis.

"Look here," quietly rejoined Otto, "this sort of thing will do no good. The job is a

bad job altogether, but it's *done;* and all that remains now is to see whether it can be undone. Don't trouble yourself to deny it to me, Jarvis. I have known of the transaction all along."

"What an infernal lie!" amended Jarvis.

"Pale, the money lender, has the diamonds. I saw you leave them with him at his house; I saw you receive the wages."

An explosive burst of abuse from Jarvis. Abuse of the money-lender, who must, as he concluded, have betrayed trust; fiercer abuse of Otto. Lady Lydia, fearing the noise might penetrate beyond the room, stood between them, praying them to be tranquil.

"It could not be helped," she said to Otto, finding how useless it would be to play longer at denial. "Jarvis was *obliged* to have money, and there were no other means whatever of raising it. The diamonds were lying there useless, not looked at from year's end to year's end; and I assumed to a certainty that they would be replaced before Sir Dene could find it out. There's no great harm done," she concluded in a slighting tone.

"As he has found it out, they must be brought back," was Otto's answer. "For Sir Dene's sake. Do you hear, Jarvis?"

"They can be brought back and will be brought back as soon as the wedding is over; without any of your confounded interference," spoke Jarvis sullenly. "But for the delay in that, they'd have been home before."

"Some days to wait, yet!" remarked Otto. "Were the roads clear—but it's hardly to be expected with this continued fall of snow—I would run up to London and get them, if you could find the money."

Jarvis half laughed in derision. He find the money! When the ten thousand pounds to be allotted to him of Mary Arde's fortune should have passed with herself into his own possession, he would have more than enough money for everything. Until then he had not a stiver.

"What did you get from Pale on them?" asked Otto.

"Three hundred pounds."

Three hundred pounds! In truth it was a sum far beyond any possible means to find. Otto imparted a hint that Sir Dene suspected something, but held his tongue about Gander. A great pity crossed his heart when he thought of Mary Arde. Tied to this spendthrift, what would her future be? But that Jarvis was his brother, and brotherhood involves obligations, Otto had certainly opened the eyes of the ruling powers at Arde Hall.

"It is nothing short of fraud," exclaimed Otto.

"What is?" snapped his mother.

"The marrying Mary Arde."

My lady's eyes and tongue alike blazed forth their denunciation of Otto and his gratuitous opinion: and he was fain to hold his peace.

She went into Sir Dene's room as soon as she could get admittance—which was not until the baronet had dressed for the day, and was sitting by his fire. There she set herself, in her plausible way, to disperse any doubt that might lie on Sir Dene's mind of Jarvis in connection with the diamonds. He heard her in silence, saying nothing, and whether she made any impression upon him or not, or whether he really did entertain any doubt of Jarvis, she could not tell. Of course she was unable to speak out on the matter, or to defend Jarvis openly, it had all to be done by implication. That Sir Dene was looking unusually worn and ill that day was plainly observable: he seemed to be nearly prostrate, sunk far in a state of apathy.

"I quite think with dear Jarvis, that it is no common thief who has taken them," remarked my lady: for she continued to pursue the subject long after it might have been wiser to drop it. "As you said last night, Sir Dene, whoever took the diamonds must have known they were kept in the chest—"

"And known where my keys are kept too, my lady, when I have not got them about me."

It was the first time he had spoken, and the interruption was a quick one. My lady coughed.

"Ah yes, no doubt," she blandly said. "Those diamonds, I fancy, had not been looked at for a year. Perhaps not for considerably more than that."

No answer.

"There is only one possible solution of the mystery that occurs to me; and that may not be the true one. But you know, dear Sir Dene, one cannot help one's thoughts."

Still no answer. Sir Dene was bending forward, his hands resting on his stick, his eyes bent on the carpet as if he were studying its pattern. Lady Lydia brought her face a little nearer to his, and her low voice took a confidential tone.

"Did that worthless, ungrateful fellow, Tom Clanwaring, help himself to them before he went away? It is the question I am asking myself, Sir Dene. He knew where the keys—"

Not quite at the first moment had Sir Dene gathered the sense of the implication. It flashed across him now. He started up in fierce passion, grasping his stick menacingly. Perhaps the fact of his *knowing* Tom could have had nothing to do with the loss, rendered his anger at the aspersion the greater. For it happened that both Sir Dene and Gander knew the diamonds were safe six month before. Searching the chest in the month of June for something wanted, they had seen the case then.

Rarely had Lady Lydia heard a similar burst of reproach from Sir Dene's lips. In spite of the animosity which he had been professing for Tom latterly, as well as really indulging, his true feelings for him peeped out now. How *dared* she so asperse his best grandson, the son of his dear dead Geoffry, he asked her. Tom was a gentleman at heart, and would be one always; a true Clanwaring, he, with all a Clanwaring's honor—and he had a great mind to despatch Gander to Ireland when the snow had melted, that he might bring him back to the Dene by force. Things had never gone well since Tom left. As to that bold baggage up at the Trailing Indian, it must have been her fault more than his; she was older than Tom and had got ten times the brass. Many a light-headed young fellow had done as much in his hot blood, and repented afterwards, and made all the better man for it. Sir Dene was a fool for sending Tom away—did my lady hear?—a fool, a fool for that, and for a good deal more.

Thus he went on, saying in his passion anything that came uppermost; but no doubt giving vent to his true sentiments. My lady became meek as a lamb and metaphorically stopped her ears. Especially to the repeated insinuation that other folks knew where the keys were kept, and the diamonds too, as well as Tom: the "other folks" pointing indubitably to herself if not to her son Jarvis.

When the storm died out and Sir Dene had sunk back in his chair exhausted, Lady Lydia made a pretence of gently tending the fire, talking about the snow, and the weather generally, and the past night's company, while she did it: any safe topic that occurred to her. She then withdrew from the room and left Sir Dene to his repose. It would not do, she saw it clearly, to say too much about the diamonds while he was in this untoward frame of mind. That he had a doubt of *her* she felt convinced; but she was not so sure that he doubted Jarvis. With her whole heart she wished the wedding over and the diamonds replaced. Had it been in her habit to pray, she would have prayed that Tuesday might arrive on eagle's wings.

Meanwhile as the day wore on, some uneasiness was excited in the Arde family, at the non-arrival of its master. The Hall was in a vast commotion of preparation, not only for the wedding itself, but for the dinner entertainment that was to be given on its eve, Monday night. Towards Saturday night, the non-appearance of Mr. Arde was explained. Some farmers, making their slow way home from Worcester market, brought word that the London coaches, including the mail, had not been able to reach Worcester, from the impassable state of the roads. Report spoke of "mountains of snow" in the low-lying lands around Moreton-in-the-Marsh. Mr. Tillett of Harebell Farm, knowing that Mrs. Arde was anxious and uneasy, called at the Hall to tell her this.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed at the news. "Will the coaches not be able to get in to-day, think you, Mr. Tillett?"

Looking out on the snow, remembering what the signs abroad were, Mr. Tillett thought it hardly likely that the coaches would get in.

"If any one of them does, it will be the mail," he remarked. "That is sure to make its way when it can, on account of the letter bag."

"I suppose it is bad between this and Worcester?" said Mrs. Arde.

"Worse, ma'am, than I have ever known it. In places I hardly thought I should get my horse along."

"A pretty long while some of the people must have been, getting home last night from the dinner at Sir Dene's!" exclaimed Mary.

Mr. Tillett laughed. "They'd arrive in time for breakfast, Miss May."

"Mamma," said May in an eager kind of tone after Mr. Tillett was gone, "if it's like this, we shall not be able to dine at Beechhurst Dene to-morrow."

"Nonsense, May. There can be no difficulty at any time in going that short distance. Besides, the upper road is not one for the snow to lie upon; it slopes slightly on the one side, you know."

May sighed. Only the not dining at the Dene on the morrow in the company of Jarvis Clanwaring, would have seemed a relief. Now that the union with him was drawing near, all her old horror of it had returned. She hated it and dreaded it in what seemed, even to herself, a most wicked degree. And yet—how was she to help it? She did not know, poor girl. Many and many a minute did she pass, praying on her knees to God, that He would pity her and help her to put away the sin.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DISH OF TEA AT THE FORGE.

Christmas day. Before the morning had well dawned, the children from the gatekeeper's lodge trooped up to Beechhurst Dene, were admitted by the servants, and gathered themselves in a group at the top of the stairs, near the doors of the best chambers, to sing their carol. It was a universal custom, this carol singing in those days; and as a rule, servants in every great house were up early, expecting it. Gander had been on thorns, wishing to get into his master's chamber to see how he had slept, and to take him some tea; but as Sir Dene chose to be first of all aroused on Christmas day by the carol singing, almost as if it were a religious rite, and that nothing else should previously disturb him, Gander waited.

The carol chosen by the children this year—or rather chosen for them by older heads—was a new one, called "The Carnal and the Crow." It was tolerably long. At the first verse of it, Mrs. Letsom's little ones in their white night gowns were peeping down through the balustrades above. While below, collected near the foot of the stairs to listen, stood all the servants, including Gander. Partially hiding themselves, however, that the sight of them might not daunt the shy young carol singers. The verses well through to the end, came the final benediction, spoken, not sung.

"Wish ye a merry Christmas, Sir Dene, and ladies and gentlemen all, and a happy new year, and a many on 'em!"

The little white night-gowned people above clapped their hands; the servants clapped theirs, and applauded. Now it had been the invariable custom, during this applause, for Sir Dene's door to open from the inside and a small shower of sixpences, agreeing with the number of singers, to be pitched forth among them. Be you very sure the singers looked for this observance with eager eyes. But on this morning they looked in vain. The door remained closed.

"Come you down, dears," called out gently one of the head women servants, breaking at length the waiting pause. "Come down to your hot coffee. Sir Dene's asleep, may be; he's not well just now. He'll send you out his sixpences later."

For a good breakfast was always provided for them in the kitchen. And again on New Year's morning, with a second sixpence. For the same ceremony took place then. Only the carol chosen was a different one, and the after wish for a merry Christmas omitted.

In obedience to the call, the children went down as quietly as their timid feet allowed them. And Gander went up. May be he's not well enough to get out o' bed himself, ran his thoughts in regard to his master, and is waiting for me to fetch the sixpences. I know he had got 'em put ready last night.

Knocking gently at the door, and receiving no response, Gander went in. The chamber appeared to be just as he had left it the previous night, none of the curtains undrawn. Turning to the bed, he saw his master.

"The Lord be good to us!" ejaculated Gander.

For Sir Dene Clanwaring was lying with his face drawn, and apparently senseless. He had some kind of attack: probably paralysis.

Mr. Friar pronounced the attack to be a very slight one, quite unattended at present with danger. But there was no warranty that another might not succeed it, and the doctor enjoined strict quiet in the chamber and out of it.

"I'll lay a guinea as it comes o' the worry about them there diamonds!" was Gander's private comment to Otto Clanwaring.

There was no dinner company. A message was despatched to inform the Ardes of what had occurred and to stop their coming. Neither did any of the Beechhurst Dene people attend morning service, although it was both Sunday and Christmas Day, the snowy state of the roads preventing it as much as the state of Sir Dene. The Ardes and their servants went: but they were nearer the church. Mrs. Arde and Mary would dine quietly at home, Captain Clanwaring their only visitor. It was the Captain who had carried down the news of what had occurred, and there got his invitation. The Miss Dicgreens were not sent for as on the previous Christmas Day: perhaps Mrs. Arde thought they might not care to encounter the snow. Mrs. Arde was thoroughly put out by the prolonged absence of her husband. His decision was wanted on many details connected with the wedding, and he was not there to give it.

As to Mary, in her heart she could very well have dispensed also with Captain Clanwaring. Never had she felt more wretched than on this day. Try as she would she was unable to rally her spirits. A weight, as of impending evil, seemed to lie upon her: and had the coming Tuesday been to witness her hanging instead of her wedding, she could not have looked forward to it in a more gloomy spirit. As she recalled the happiness of the last Christmas, a half groan burst from her lips: the contrast between that day and this was so great. *Then* she had wondered whether things could ever look cloudy again: *now* the secret cry of her heart was—that *never* again could they look bright. Ah, should not experience have taught her a lesson? That unclouded brightness had all too soon faded into a darkness as of night: might not the present darkness clear itself into day? Heaven was at work for Mary Arde though she knew it not.

"I suppose, Miss May, there's no reason why I may not run home," spoke Susan Cole towards dusk in the afternoon. "They've invited me there to take a dish o' tea."

"Why should there be?" replied Miss May with apathy.

"You won't want me, I mean? I thought you'd be out you see, Miss May, when I promised to go. Mother, she's getting old now, and looks out for one, once she expects one's coming."

"I shall not want for anything, Susan," said May rousing herself. "You'll have a fine snowy walk, though."

"I'll borrow a pair o' Mark's gaiters and pick my petticoats up round me," was Susan's unceremonious avowal. "'Twon't hurt me."

"I'm glad to dine at home for my part, instead of at the Dene," remarked May.

Susan shook her head. "Miss May, I don't like them break-ups to old customs. For ever so many years now, till the last, the Hall has dined at the Dene on Christmas Day; and the Dene with the Hall on New Year's Day. Last year 'twas broke through. The master here warn't well enough to go to the Dene, or thought he warn't, and so none of you went: and when New Year's Day came round, Sir Dene, he warn't well enough to come here. 'Twas odd that the custom o' both days should be interrupted. I said then 'twas like a break-up, Miss May; and so it have proved. All the rest o' Beechhurst Dene come here, but Sir Dene. He didn't though; and he is the master."

"The rest did not quite all come," said May quietly.

"All but Mr. Tom. And he ceased to be one o' the Beechhurst Dene folks that same night."

"Yes," said May. "Turned from it."

"Served him right," retorted Susan. "What did he get into mischief for?"

May's face took a sudden glow of color, red as a fire coal.

"I wish I was over in Paris, or somewhere," she suddenly exclaimed after a pause, "and all this worry over."

"What worry?" questioned Susan.

"Of the wedding, and the people."

"Weddings come but once in a life time. It's right to have a show and bustle over 'em, Miss May."

May, seated on a low toilette chair covered with white dimity, for the colloquy was taking place in her bedroom, began scoring her blue silk dress across with her nail, and made no answer. Very pretty she looked. Her cheeks were somewhat thinner than of yore, but they had not lost their rose color, her beautiful, soft brown eyes were lustrous still, her hair was bright. The allusion to Paris meant more than the chance remark the reader may have imagined it to be. A visit to Paris in those days was a very uncommon thing, and Captain Clanwaring had proposed to take May there after the marriage. They were not to settle down in a home yet awhile, for some months, at least, but take their pleasure. In fact, the question of where the home should be was left in abeyance. Mr. and Mrs. Arde naturally wished it to be near them; Captain Clanwaring secretly wished they might get it. He could not live long away from London and its attractions, and did not mean to try to. "Once she's my wife, safe and sure, she will have to do as I please," he told himself. And, to prevent the question of their future home being decided beforehand, he had ingeniously labored to inoculate his bride elect with a wish to see Paris and its wonders, which he had never seen himself, as well as other places. Poor May thought that seeing wonders might help her to bear her lot—which in prospective was looking cruelly hard, whatever it might prove in reality. She had her private thoughts, also, as well as he. Once I am his wife I shall be able to put away all these old regrets and longings and misery. And the farther I am away from here, the better chance there'll be of my doing it. Nothing like old associations for keeping up old feelings. So the proposal of sojourning in Paris, London, Bath and elsewhere, had been rather eagerly received by Mary. In summer they were to come on a visit to the Hall.

"Talking o' Tom Clanwaring, that there girl's back again at the Trailing Indian," cried free tongued Susan with her usual lack of regard to what was expedient to be spoken of, and what was not."

May lifted her head in a kind of quick surprise, and dropped it again.

"I come out o' church to-day with Natty Pound," continued Susan. "While picking our way through the snow in the churchyard, she began a telling me that Emma Geach was back—may be the sight o' Mr. Geoffrey Clanwaring's grave stone put her in mind on't. Sam Pound called in at their cottage yesterday and told 'em, she got home Friday evening by the wagon. Sam's in a fine way over it, his mother says, afraid he won't be wanted at the inn no longer, now she's come. And a nice stock of impudence she must have, to take Black by storm in that way, without saying with your leave or by your leave, now she's got tired of Ireland!" added Susan on her own score. "Or perhaps it is that Ireland have got tired of her."

"That's enough," coldly interposed Miss May, rising from her seat with a haughty gesture on her way to quit the room. "These things are nothing to me."

Neither had Susan Cole supposed they were or could be anything to her now. But in Susan's insatiable love of retailing gossip, she had not been able to keep her tongue still.

"Won't you dress now, Miss May?"

"I shall not dress to-day more than I am dressed."

"Well, and I don't see that there's need on't," acquiesced Susan. "That's a lovely, pretty frock, that silk is."

The frock—as a young lady's dress was invariably styled then—was of that dark bright blue color called Waterloo blue, after the somewhat recent battle of Waterloo. It was made in the fashion of the day—low-neck and short sleeves, each edged with a quilling of white net, a bit of drooping lace falling beneath. Only a young girl did May look in it, not much more than a child. Susan watched her down the stairs; the graceful head thrown back farther than usual.

"It's a sore point still, I can see, about that Emma Geach," muttered Susan. "Why couldn't Tom Clanwaring have kept her there till the wedding was over and Miss May gone? He—"

The words were stopped by the return of May. "Susan, mind you give your mother that little present I left out for her, and take her some of our mince pies," she said. "And tell her—tell her that I will be sure to come and see her the first thing when I am back here again in summer."

In her red cloth cloak and dark poke bonnet, with her petticoats gathered up nearly to the tops of the beaver gaiters, thick shoes on, and no pattens, for pattens were only an encumbrance in the snow, their rings getting clogged continually, away started Susan at the dusk hour to partake of the "dish of tea" at her brother's forge. It was open road all the way, and less difficult to traverse than she had expected. The forge was waiting for Susan; though rather doubtful as to her coming. Mrs. Cole, the mother, a mild loving woman always, doubly so now she was getting in years, sat in her arm chair in the full warmth of the parlor fire, with her two sons, Harry, the prop and stay of the home and business, and Ham who shoed the horses, beat the iron, and did the other rough work. They were good sons: and it was that Harry, so good-looking and popular, had kept single for his mother's sake. On the table stood a substantial tea: plum cake, cold savory sausages, and plates of buttered toast that the young servant brought in. One guest had already arrived, uninvited; and that was Miss Emma Geach. In the old days Emma Geach had made herself tolerably at home at the Forge: and after ill report had touched her name, gentle Mrs. Cole, willing to "think no evil," had received her and been kind to her as before.

"That's Susan!—I thought she'd come," exclaimed Ham, as a thumping was heard at the door, together with a stamping of feet. "She's knocking the snow off her shoes."

Ham (a contraction of his name Abraham) ran to admit her and took the opportunity of holding a whispered colloquy on the mat, the parlor door being shut.

"I say, Susan, Emma Geach is in there!"

"None of your stories, Ham!" cried Susan, sharply.

"She bolted in just now, a saying she was come to have tea with us, if mother 'ud let her, for it was awful dull work up at the Trailing Indian," continued Ham. "She's just the same, Susan."

"What did mother say?" was Susan's indignant question.

"Say? Why nothing: except that she was welcome. You know what mother is."

"And Harry?"

"Harry's the same as mother for being civil to people," returned Ham.

"I've a good mind not to go in," said Susan. "Perhaps I might get telling her a bit o' my mind."

"I'd not do that, Susan—it's Christmas Day. Besides, her affairs isn't any business of yours. She has not harmed you."

"I am not so sure o' that," disputed Susan sharply. "'Twas not by straightforward means she got Tom Clanwaring into her clutches, I know—and I nursed him all through his baby years. Is she going to stop to tea with us?"

"Well," said Ham simply, "we can't turn her out. Neither mother nor Harry 'ud like to do it, Susan."

Susan, arming herself for any possible battle, went in with her head up. Miss Geach looked completely at home. Her out-door things were off; her abundant hair, well cared for, shone in the light of the fire, and she was talking and laughing with Harry Cole in the old light, free manner. Susan, after greeting her mother took off her things, and sat down to make tea. It might be that her propensity to gossip and to have her curiosity somewhat appeased as to the past, induced her to postpone hostilities, for she nodded to Miss Emma without much show of disdain.

"And when did you get back?" demanded Susan, when she handed the young person her tea.

"Friday night," said Emma promptly.

"Oh. Had a stormy passage on't? I've heered its mortal bad at sea at this season o' the year"

Whether Emma Geach did not understand the allusion, or whether she would not take it, remained a question. After staring at the speaker for a minute or two in silence, she tasted her tea and asked for another lump of sugar.

"And Ireland? What sort of a place might it be to live in?" began Susan again satirically.

Another stare from Emma Geach. She had got a saucerful of tea up to her mouth then, and gazed over the brim at Susan all the while she drank it.

"How should I know what sort of a place Ireland is?" she retorted when putting the saucer down. Susan Cole looked upon it as an evasion, and was in two minds, whether or not to tell her so. But at that moment her brother Harry kicked her under the table, and she knew it was as much as to say, she's our guest for the time and must be treated as such.

So the conversation turned on other matters. Sir Dene's seizure; and the non-gathering at the Dene for the Christmas dinner in consequence, which Susan told of. Next the prolonged absence of Mr. Arde came up, and the old lady expressed a devout hope that he would be home for the wedding on Tuesday.

"What wedding? Who's a going to be married?" inquired Miss Geach when she heard this.

"Why, my young lady, Miss May's a going to be married," said Susan, proud of relating so much. "Have you lived in a wood, Emma Geach, not to have heered on't?"

"That there Trailing Indian's worse nor a wood now, as far as hearing news goes," was Emma Geach's rather wrathful answer. "'Tain't lively at the best o' times; but nobody cares to come up to it through the snow. Since I got into the place, I've not seen a soul but Black and Sam Pound. Black, he's sullen and won't talk; and t'other knows he must keep his tongue still afore me, unless I choose to let him wag it. No fear as I should ha' got to hear of a wedding being agate from them two."

"We've got a grand dinner o' Monday night," spoke Susan, by way of continuing her revelations. "The Hall be a'most turned inside out. I can't think what 'll be done if the Squire don't get here."

"Report says that no coaches are getting into Worcester," said Harry Cole. "It's to be hoped the roads 'll clear for the wedding."

"So 'tis," said Susan. "They be a going to Paris and France, they be, when the wedding's over. Miss May's full on't."

"My!" exclaimed Emma Geach. "It's young Squire Scrope, I suppose."

"Miss Charlotte Scrope's to be bridesmaid," went on Susan, her thoughts too busy to heed the question. "She and Miss May is to be dressed all in white; only Miss May's to have a veil and orange flowers in her bonnet, and t'other's not."

"I thought Miss May Arde would have him some time if he stuck up to her well," remarked Emma Geach. "Though Tom Scrope isn't the man for every girl's money. Scrope Manor's a nice place. 'Tain't a bad match for her."

"Who was a talking anything about Tom Scrope, pray?" loftily demanded Susan. "'Tisn't *him*."

"No! Why who is it then?"

"Captain Clanwaring. That Trailing Indian *must* be a wood, for news, it must."

The revelation seemed to have some effect on Emma Geach. A piece of plum cake, being conveyed to her mouth, was summarily arrested half way; her face became of a burning red, and then changed to a deadly whiteness.

"Captain Clanwaring! It's him that's going to marry Miss Arde!"

"Well, I'm sure! perhaps you know better than me," cried Susan. "It's Captain Jarvis Clanwaring, and nobody else, Emma Geach."

Emma Geach appeared to be making an effort to recover her surprise—or, at least to hide it. She was eating away at the cake with a great show of appetite, and looking at it closely as if trying *to* count the plums.

"Once get away from a place for a few months, and all sorts o' changes takes place to surprise one," she said with an air of indifference. "Since when has *he* been a making-up to her?"

"Since when," repeated Susan. "Well, it's a'most a twelvemonth since he asked her first. She'd have nothing to say to him then; no, nor for a long while after. He's got her now, though; leastways, will have her Tuesday next; but I don't believe any man ever strove so hard for a girl yet, as the captain have for her."

"And a twelvemonth he have been a trying for her?" casually remarked Miss Emma.

"Ay," assented Susan. "And he had begun it in secret afore that; only he didn't dare to say nothing. I say, mother, have ye heard that Mr. Otto's to be his groomsman, through the heir not being able to come for 't?"

"Mr. Otto, is he?" returned the old mother. "I wish 'twas better weather, Susan. I'd ha' liked to walk to the church to see 'em married."

"Won't it be full!" was Susan's answering comment.

Thus, one topic succeeding another, the sociable evening passed away. About eight o'clock Susan took her departure; absolutely forbidding either of the brothers to escort her. She'd not have 'em go wading through the snow that night, she said; and as her will had been law with them always, they obeyed, Harry Cole was ten or twelve years younger than she, and Ham twenty.

So Susan set off alone. She had got a few yards down the road when she heard footsteps after her floundering quickly through the snow. Believing that one of the two was coming in spite of her injunction, she turned round, a sharp reprimand on her lips. But it proved to be Emma Geach.

"I just want to ask you something, Susan Cole," she said, her voice sunk to a whisper. "I had my reasons for not saying more afore 'em at the forge. What did you mean by asking did I have a stormy passage over the sea, and how did I like Ireland?"

"Why shouldn't I ask it?" returned Susan. "It's Ireland you've been a stopping at, as all the world knows."

"I've not been anigh Ireland," said the girl earnestly.

"Not anigh Ireland!" echoed Susan, struck with the truthful accent. "Everybody said you went there."

"What for?"

"Well—'twas said you went with Mr. Tom Clanwaring from Bristol, or else followed on over the sea after h'm."

Even in the star light, Susan Cole could see the puzzled wonder that was spread on the girl's countenance. It seemed that just at first she did not understand the implication.

"Why what fools they must be!" she indignantly cried when it dawned upon her. "They *couldn't* think it, Susan Cole."

"Everybody thought it; the whole parish, from one end on't to tother, thought it," was Susan's answer, "and said it too."

"Not everybody; 'twarn't possible. Not Black—nor Captain Clanwaring."

"Both o' them did," said Susan emphatically. "'Twas Black I believe, first spread it, and the captain retailed it after him. I've heard 'em both."

"They both knowed better."

A few minutes longer they talked together regardless of the cold night, and the depth of snow they stood in. Susan Cole went on her way at last with uplifted hands. She had heard something that nearly stunned her.

"May heaven have mercy on my poor young lady!" she groaned aloud to the frosty air. "What a sinner the man is!—what a good-for-nothing hypocrite. Letting the good name of another be blackened for his! Drat the nuts then!"

Paying no attention just then to where she put her feet, Susan had sunk into a drift

of snow up to her knees. Getting out of it as she best could, she shook her feet and petticoats, and went on again. A great question lay on her mind—ought she to impart what she had just heard to her mistress?—or keep silence on the point, now that the wedding was so near?

Perhaps what really turned the scale was Susan's love of gossip. With a story like this burning her tongue, it was next to an impossible task for her to keep silence. After Mrs. Arde went to her chamber for the night, she found it invaded by Susan.

The woman whispered her tale, the substance of what Emma Grach had said, standing with her mistress on the hearth-rug. As the red light played on Mrs. Arde's face, Susan saw it take a pale hue, a haughty expression. That she was overwhelmed with dismayed indignation at the first moment was all too evident. The next she had burst out laughing.

"The girl has been playing a trick upon you, Susan. How could you be so easily taken in? Captain Clanwaring indeed! Now does it stand to reason?"

And, so prone to yield to persuasion is the human mind, that Susan Cole veered round to her mistress's impression. It called up her temper.

"The vile hussy!—to try her tricks upon me? Let me come across her; that's all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.

Gloves.

In some northern countries, says a correspondent in Land and Waters, there exists a custom for brides, on their wedding day, to present a pair of gloves of their own manufacture to each invited guest; and woe betide the unlucky bride who neglects a single one, for his or her revenge would follow the young wife throughout her life, however distant her home might be. To provide, therefore, for the utmost emergency, a girl begins early in life to lay by dozens and dozens of gloves of her own knitting ready for the eventful day. In most countries it is still customary to give white gloves to menials on a wedding day, but these need not be worked, stitched or knitted by the bride's own fair fingers.

It is also usual to give gloves at a christening; and abroad, especially in Switzerland, it is the godmother who presents them, rather reversing the laws of gallantry. The custom of giving gloves at funerals is also very old, though now it is generally restricted to the mourners. Thus, in almost every age and country, the glove has been linked with love, marriage, birth and death. It has also formed the theme of many a romance and poem, and it has more than once proved a powerful instrument of revenge in the hands of jealousy and hatred, poisoned gloves being at one time but too frequently used as the means whereby to dispose of a hated rival. The Medici knew the fatal secret, alas! too well, and pitilessly employed it to sate their cruel passions.

Cosmetic gloves, with a thick lining of paste whereby to soften and whiten the hands, were also very much favored at one time, and, I believe, may still be had in these days, and are eagerly bought by some ladies, who regularly wear them at night, though where they are to be procured I cannot tell.

But let us return to every-day life, and to gloves as we find them. White kid gloves should be especially reserved for occasions of the greatest ceremony; on all other occasions they are out of place, common and vulgar, and white gloves must never be of any material but kid. Next to white kid gloves straw-colored are the most dressy, for they look almost white by night, and may be worn when white may not for fetes, small evening parties, &c.

Straw-colored gloves have often played considerable parts in fashionable novels, just as gauntlets did in old romances, and since Pulman headed the list, every novelist, for a long period, thought himself compelled to glove his heroes and heroines in straw-colored kids. But lavender has now usurped the place of straw, especially with gentlemen, who even have occasionally the bad taste to dance in them. I say bad taste, because every custom must be in bad taste, however fashionable it may be, if it be productive of damage or injury to others, and though gentlemen may not generally know it, lavender kid gloves often spoil their partners' dresses, who frequently cannot wear a second time a dress body after it has been held by hands incased by lavender.

Black gloves should only be worn in mourning, and never at any other time under any pretext whatever. Ladies who are forced to study economy, may select useful dark shades for gloves, but never black; black gloves are exclusively reserved for mourning. It was Count d'Orsay, I think, who need to say that the sight of black gloves made him shudder. Apropos of Count d'Orsay, it is also said that he used to regularly wear four pairs of new gloves a day, of different quality and color, according to different times and places. Indeed, it is a popular belief on the continent that every English gentleman wears at least three pairs of new gloves a day. I must here confess my ignorance on this point, therefore can neither affirm nor deny it; should it be correct, however, I should say that it must make a tolerably unpleasant inroad into many a restricted income.

As a rule, gloves should always be a shade lighter than the dress with which they are worn, and never darker—dark gloves with light dresses are most offensive to the eye.

To return to black gloves for a moment, I must here remark that abroad, where rules respecting mourning are much more strict than in England, black kid gloves are not allowed during the first stage of mourning. Black kid is shining, and deep mourning should avoid all that shines; thus black woollen gloves are alone allowed under these circumstances. At the Burgundian court, gloves were not allowed at all during mourning. It would appear by that that gloves were considered entirely as objects of vanity, like powder and rouge, which likewise were prohibited during mourning.

For general wear, neutral tints are the best for gloves, and, above all, the Swedish kid glove in its natural tan color. There is no glove like it for usefulness, elegance and economy. They may be worn at all hours, and with all dresses, except evening dress.

In the event of embroidered gloves or mittens returning into fashion, it will be as well to remark here that embroidery should always correspond with the natural shape of the hand—flowers and symbols, such as two hands united, should be scrupulously avoided. Lines and arabesques are the most appropriate patterns for glove embroidery—lines tend to make the hand look narrow, and therefore are preferred to any other style of working.

The first requisite for a glove is that it should fit well, therefore it ought to be cut according to the hand; in fact, the hands should be measured for gloves as the feet are for boots. In France it has long been the custom to measure for gloves, and there are now a few establishments in London which adopt a similar fashion.

The art of cutting out a glove is one especially excelled in by the French, and is most difficult in execution. Indeed there is an old proverb which says that it takes three kingdoms to make one glove; Spain to provide the kid, France to cut it out, and England to sew it. The French have a particular art in economical cutting, and can cut three pairs of gloves out of the same quantity of kid that an Englishman can scarcely cut two. Consequently, French gloves ought to be cheaper than English, but they are not. The Germans, though their kid is rapidly rivalling Spanish kid, and though they sew as well as the English, are quite ignorant of the art of cutting, consequently they are as yet unable to make good gloves.

If a glove is not to disfigure a hand, it should be made of the softest and most [illegible] kid, [illegible] itself to every [illegible]

☞ At Niagara Falls, in too [illegible] lists, lager beer is called "Vine de Bismarck."

☞ Captain Eyre, who ran down the Oneida, is dead.

☞ Bethlehem, of Judea, has an omnibus line lately started.

☞ A man by the name of Noah lives in New-ark.

☞ The hangman's vegetable—Art o'choke.

☞ Louis Napoleon died in Illinois last week. He was a horse.

☞ Being mute-ually agreed, a pair of deaf mutes were married in Iowa last week.

☞ A New Yorker complains that the prices at some of the White Mountain resorts are higher than the mountains themselves.

☞ An English preacher believes there will be twelve times as many women as men in Heaven. But would it be Heaven to eleven out of twelve of the women then?

☞ A wolf went into Duluth church the other Sunday, and was so much affected, that before he got out he was converted—into a corpse.

☞ One of the festive "foreign counts" at Long Branch has become so debilitated by too much sea-bathing, that he hasn't strength enough left to pay his bills.

☞ The fashion writers report that milliners' "openings" will take place earlier than usual this year, and they also hint that the new fashioned bonnets will be "perfectly" lovely.

☞ The following is from the Terre Haute Mail: "If the party who plays the accordeon in this vicinity at nights will only change his tune occasionally, or sit where we can scald him when the engine has steam on, he will hear of something to his advantage."

☞ Miss Throckmorton married the Baron Lemme in New York. They wanted her to marry some one else, but she said "Lemme alone."

☞ It is said that a reckless potato bug, having gone through the state of Rhode Island, was last seen mounted on a windmill by the sea-side, wiping his eyes on the sails and weeping because there were no fresh worlds to conquer.

☞ A watering-place correspondent writes that where he is, they distinguish between tenor and base mosquitoes.

☞ At Saratoga, the names of fashionable clergymen are said to be put down on the lists of managers of balls.

☞ A man in Kansas, on whose shoulder a lady laid a lash, didn't sue for damages—because it was an eyelash.

☞ John Ditto is the name of the Buffalo City engineer. His wife's name is Ditto, and the children are all Ditto. When he signs his name under that of somebody else, it is said to create some confusion at times.

☞ A man being annoyed on one occasion by a fiddler, who persisted in playing in front of his house, sent him out a collar, with the message that one scraper was enough at the door.

☞ Cats fastened among the branches of fruit trees are a modern expedient to drive away birds when fruit is ripe.

☞ MEMORY AND ACTION.—Memory presides over the past; action over the present. The first lives in a temple hung with glorious trophies and lined with tombs; the other has no shrine but duty, and it walks the earth like a spirit.

☞ Next winter musicians expect to be very successful in their opera-tions.

☞ It is said that of the 1001 young ladies who fainted last year, 908 fell into the arms of gentlemen, two fell on the floor, and one into a water butt.

☞ A Duluth paper says one of the streams running into Lake Superior from the north is called "Temperance River," because it is the only one of all the tributaries of the lake that has no bar at the mouth of it.

☞ A STRANGE CASE.—The surgeons and physicians of Jersey City are just now much exercised over the case of Frederick Prout, who on Sunday was thrown out of a wagon and had his neck broken. The hospital surgeons all decided that Prout would die in a few hours—but, strange to say, he is still alive, and talks freely, although his body is paralyzed from the shoulders downward. He presents the singular instance of a man whose head is only alive, the rest of his body being practically dead. The surgeons now say that his recovery is not impossible.

☞ The editor of the London Spectator declares that no toil fatigues like reading manuscript.

☞ A negress in Wallingford, seeing a large balloon come down near her, declared that "de Lord had come, and was down dar on de fence."

☞ Longfellow was badly beaten by Helmbold at the Saratoga Races in a four mile race. He broke down completely. He is worth less than $60,000 now.

☞ An ingenious baker accounts for the high price of his loaves by saying that he has it on the authority of an eminent naturalist, that the dough belongs to the deer tribe.

The Great Mission of Women.

Great indeed is the task assigned to women! Who can elevate its dignity? Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern empires; but to form those by whom laws are made, armies led, and empires governed; to guard against the slightest taint of bodily infirmity, the frail, yet spotless creature, whose moral, no less than physical being, must be derived from her; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments which generations yet unborn and nations yet uncivilized will learn to bless; to soften firmness into mercy, and chasten honor into refinement; to exalt generosity into a virtue with a soothing care; to allay the anguish of the mind; by her tenderness to disarm passion; by her purity to triumph over sense; to cheer the scholar sinking under his toil; to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people; to be compensation for friends that are perfidious—for happiness that has passed away. Such is her vocation. The couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of the rejected Saviour—these are theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her [illegible]ity; to visit the forsaken, to tend to the [illegible]lected; when monarchs abandon, when [illegible]meliors betray, when justice prosecutes, [illegible]en brethren and disciples flee, to remain [illegible]shaken and unchanged, and to exhibit to a lower world a type of that love, count, pure, and ineffable which in another are taught to believe the test of virtue. *Blackwood's Magazine.*

Telegraph Anecdote.

The London Court Circular relates the following anecdote respecting a noble lady:

'During the army bill debate her noble husband, who is as proud and fond of her as he should be, was just about to rise and deliver a violent attack upon something or somebody, when a telegram was put into his hands. He read it, turned pale, and quitted the House, called a cab, drove to the Charing Cross station and went to Dover, and was no more heard of until the next day, when he returned to his own home, and to his first inquiry was told that the Countess was in her own room. He hastened to her, and a terrific row ensued, the exact words of which no one knows but themselves. At last, however, he burst out, 'Then what did you mean by your telegram?' 'Mean? What I said, of course. What are you talking about?' 'Read it for yourself,' returned the still unappeased husband. She did read: "I flee with Mr. —— to Dover straight. Pray for me.' For a moment she was startled, but then burst into a hearty fit of laughter. 'Most dreadful telegraph people. No wonder you are out of your mind. I telegraphed simply, I tea with Mrs. —— in Dover street. Stay for me.' His Lordship was so savage at the laugh he had raised against himself, that he was at first inclined to make a Parliamentary question of it, but listening to more judicious advice, refrained."

☞ Jolly Saratogans, when the funeral bell begins to toll, bet on the age of the deceased person.

☞ Happy the child who is suffered to be, and content to be, what God meant it to be—a child, while childhood lasts.

☞ St. Winifred Stubbs, an elderly maiden lady of London, was directed by the health officers to discharge from further service fourteen dogs who lived with her as companions—and she was so sorrow-stricken at the sacrifice that she died instantly on receiving the order.

☞ "Well, Harry, do you love me?" said an ugly and not very agreeable friend of the family, to the pet four-year-old.

"I know, but I can't tell," was the answer.

"But why not?"

"Because I should be whipped if I did," was the frank reply of the observing child, who had been taught by past experience that it was not always safe to tell the truth about his mamma's visitors.

☞ "HE COUNTED NOT BY YEARS.—*Tourist*—"And how old are you, Paddy?" *Paddy*—"Thirty-five next Michaelmas, yer honor, af you count be years; but af you wor to reckon me age be all the coortin', divarsions, and divilment I've had me share av, you might safely set me down as seventy-five."

☞ A man who was driving a cow through the streets of Waupun, Wis., was so much flustered by a sudden bow from a lady, that, in return, he made a bow to the cow and threw a stone at the lady.

☞ Sound logic is the sinews of eloquence. Without solid argument, oratory is empty noise, and the orator is a declaimer or a sophist.

☞ It was considered honorable for women to toil in olden time. Alexander the Great stood in his palace showing garments made by his own mother.

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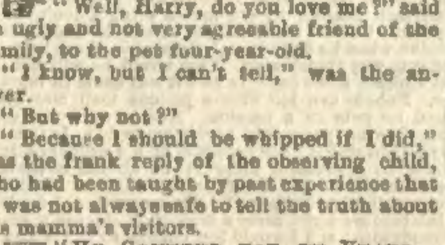

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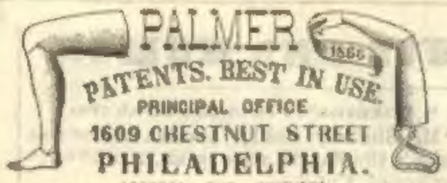
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WIT AND HUMOR.

"Artemus" Visits the Shakers.

"Mr. Shaker," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he arks a shelter of you."

"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another bein sent to put my horse and wagon under kiver.

A selum female, lookin somewhat like a last year's bean-pole stuck into a long meal-bag, cum in and axed me was I athirst and did I hunger? To which I asserted, "A few." She went orf and I endeavored to open a conversation with the old man.

"Elder, I spect," sed I.

"Yay," he said.

"Health's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understands his biuess—or do you devote your services gratooitious?"

"Yay."

"Stormy night, sir."

"Yay."

"If the storm continues there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"It's unpleasant when there's a mess underfoot?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pescoter kind weaket you wear, includin trimmins?"

"Yay."

"I pawsed a minit, and then, thinkin I'd be facesbus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, burst into a hearty larf, and told him that as a yayer he had no living ekel.

He jumped up as if bilin water had been squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin and sed:

"You're a man of sin!"

He then walkt out of the room.

Directly that cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin gals as I ever met. It is troo they was dresst in meal-bags like the old one I'd met previsly, and their shiny, silky hair was hid from sight by long white caps, sich as I spose female Joans wear; but their eyes sparkled like diamonds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin enuff to make a man throw stuns at his grandmother, if they axed him to. They commenst clearing away the dishes, castin shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my rapter, and sez I,

"My pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Where is the old man?" said I, in a soft voice:

"Of whom dost thou speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean that gay and festive cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name wasn't Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Well, my pretty dears," sez I, let's have sum fun. Let's play puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they asked.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yet, but if they was all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I am a Shaker protemporary."

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust only they was a little skeery. I tawt 'em puss in the corner, and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course so the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I:

"My pretty dears, ear I go you have no objections, have you, to a innersent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," they sed, and I yayed.—*Artemus Ward, His Book.*

A Fish Story.

A select squad of us went from an inland village to the Ohio river, on a fishing excursion. No sooner had we pitched our tent and rigged our tackle than we were honored with a visit from Jake Heathorn. Jake is a man of too independent a spirit to be tyranized over by despotic fashion or arbitrary conventionalities. Accordingly he goes barefoot twelve months in the year; and in consequence of the expanded valley which his "footsy-tootsies" make in the mud frequently in the vicinity of hen-roosts he is best known as "Barefooted Jake." However, it is not with Jake's "bug mashers" that we have to do, but with the "elastic receptivity" of his maw. One morning Bill Lynch and I were running the fishing business, while Bill Read prepared breakfast. Jake's instincts prompted him to "shassay" around the fire, and feast his nostrils on the odor of a ten-pound perch which was then baking. In due time Lynch and I returned to camp for our breakfasts, and found Read coming in with an armful of wood.

"Well, how about grub?" was our greeting.

"O, all right; I'll set it out for you in a minute, boys. But just come this way, and see the nicest baked perch you ever laid eyes on."

We went and we looked; but saw only a rick of bones, from which every fibre of meat had been picked! Jake had been there before us. I don't distinctly remember whether we swore or not. It don't seem to me as if we did. Anyhow, we ate breakfast without fish.

During the afternoon, while we were all lounging on the bank, Jake yawned, and drawled out:

"I'd like to have as many fish as I could eat, jist onst. I hain't had a mess since Tom Whitten ketched the big cat-fish."

"Jake," said I, in a tone meant to be scornfully sarcastic, "I thought you had a pretty fair mess this morning. You ate at least fifteen pounds."

"O, yes," replied Jake, "I ate that; but what I mean is a reel reg'lar mess."

Strong Drink.

A Colorado saloon keeper said of a rough crowd: "I couldn't get their whisky strong enough for them, so after trying every way, I at last made a mixture of poison oak and butternut. That fetched them. I called it the sheep herder's delight, and it was a popular drink. The first pike I tried it on yelled with delight; the next one took two drinks and turned a double somersault in the road before the house. A peddler came along, and after he took several drinks of my sheep herder's delight, he went off and stole his own pack and hid it in the woods."

NO CHANGE.—A sailor looking serious in a chapel, was asked by a clergyman if he felt any change? Whereupon the old tar put his hand in his pocket, and replied that he "hadn't got a red."

☞ Never confide a secret to your relatives: blood will tell.

CUSTOMER—"I say—this umbrella I bought here last week, is all coming to pieces!"
SHOPMAN—"Indeed, sir!—you must have been taking it out and getting it wet, sir, I think!"

GODINETTE'S LESSON.

I.

Godinette, the sly young beauty,
Used to hear her grandma state
That it was the Christian's duty
Never to retaliate.
"Though," she'd say, "the world should
spite thee,
Be of meekness not bereft:
If one on the right cheek smite thee,
Straightway turn to him the left."
In such wise the pious lesson
She'd impress on
Godinette:
And 'Nette promised never to forget.

II.

Godinette ran home, one morning,
Rosy cheek'd, her grandma sought,
Saying, "I recalled your warning,
And have acted as you taught.
Juquot kissed me by the gateway,
But I ne'er avenged the theft.
As it was the right cheek, straightway
I unto him turned the left."
'Twas well done; no man would stop her
In this proper
Sort of deed—
Did not her grandma's counsel well succeed?

Widows.

A widow in her weeds, particularly when the weeds are just turning purple, always had peculiar attractions for me. I can no more resist one than could Eve the serpent, and when they are plump and fair and not quite forty, my admiration for them runs into something akin to idolatry. I have in my mind's eye now one whom I met years ago. She had a face of classic beauty, with clear, well cut features, soft dark eyes, with long lashes that must have rested upon her cheeks when she slept. Her hair was black and abundant, and worn as was then the fashion in ringlets at the side of her face, and wound in a long braid like a crown across the top of her head, ending in a seemly and smoothly twisted knot at the back. The expression of her countenance was pensive, but when she smiled it rippled with sunshine. She had a low sweet voice, and when she spoke my name it sounded more musically than the notes of silver bells. She had a plump little hand that it was a comfort to squeeze, and a pair of dainty feet that it was a real pleasure to catch glimpses of, as their owner whirled in the mazy dance. She sang, too, with the voice of a siren, and the keys of a piano were ever at her finger ends. She rode as fearlessly as Di Vernon, and had heaps of money in the bank.

There was only one drawback to all these attractions, which had lured scores of young fellows to her feet, which was, that widowhood was a chronic complaint with her. No sooner did she get married and nicely settled in her own home, her husband's life largely insured, and every prospect bright before them, than the happy husband, like the "dear gazelle" of the song, "was sure to die." Sometimes he was thrown out of a carriage and killed. Sometimes a railway train went over him; sometimes he committed suicide; and once when on their bridal tour, he slipped into the water and went over Niagara Falls. Five times she essayed marriage, and the last husband only escaped the fate of the others by getting a decree of divorce. Of course, after a time men became shy of marrying the widow, and the result is that for several years past she has enjoyed her widowhood, such as it now is, unchanged by matrimonialists.

The Sensitive Grocer.

In Newburyport a grocer who kept shop, was noted for his grasping disposition. One day he nailed up a salt cod on one of the shutters of his shop, and underneath it he wrote in chalk: "Codfish for sale cheap for cash here." Presently, in came an acquaintance, and said: "What do you have 'here' on that sign about codfish for? You don't sell codfish or any other goods in any place but here. Any fool would know where you sold them without that word." "That's so," said the grocer; "boy wipe out the word 'here' from the codfish sign." The boy obeyed, and the next day another critic appeared. Said he, "For cash! who ever knew you to trust for any goods? Why do you say you sell codfish for cash?" "You are right," said the grocer; "boy, wipe out the words 'for cash' from the codfish sign." This was done, and shortly after a third critic came to the shop, objecting to the word 'cheap.' "Who ever knew you to undersell other dealers?" said he, "you don't sell any cheaper than they. Your price is just the same as theirs, and more, if you can get it. Cheap! cheap! what do you have that word for?" "Well, it is not of much use," said the grocer; "boy, wipe out the word 'cheap' from the codfish sign." Again the boy did as his master bade, and the same day critic No. 4 found fault with the phrase "for sale." Said he, "For sale! no one ever knew you to give away codfish. Of course, you keep them for sale; there is no occasion for telling people what everybody knows." "There is something in that," said the grocer; "boy, wipe out 'for sale' from the codfish sign." This left the salt cod and the single word "codfish" beneath. It was but a few minutes after that a customer who came in to buy some goods remarked to the grocer, "What a funny sign you've got out here; what darned fool wouldn't know that is a codfish nailed on your shutter." "So they would," was the reply; "boy, wipe out the word 'codfish' from that sign." The boy obeyed, and the fish remained with no inscription.

☞ One of the best fencers at the Heidelberg University last year was an American from Kansas, and the greatest beer-drinker was also one of our countrymen from Kentucky.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALICE (St. Peter, Minn.,) writes: "Will you be so obliging as to give me some advice, and much oblige a constant reader? I have a young man coming to see me, and I think he loves me, and I'm sure I love him. But he is very jealous—and when he gets in a fit of jealousy he makes me feel very bad, for I never know what he may do. I have other gentlemen coming to see me—a thing I don't see any harm in—but he don't like it, and he gets in a passion when he finds any of them have been here, and gets very threatening. I am afraid he will commit violence some day. In fact it may come to murder. Nobody can tell what a jealous man may do when he gets in a passion. Now what I want to know is what you would advise me to do? Is there any way in which I can cure him of his jealousy? It would be a dreadful thing if he should commit violence, and I could never forgive myself. Shall I give up all other company? I don't want to. I don't think because a girl loves a man, that she can't see anybody else; and I would feel obliged to you if you could give me some good advice. Can't I take some course to cure him of his jealousy?" Can the Ethiopian change his skin; or the Leopard his spots? We would not advise you to undertake to cure a man born jealous, of his native disposition. You had much better undertake to cure yourself of your penchant for him. You would probably find it a much easier task. We do not think you need be particularly afraid of his committing homicide. A barking dog seldom bites. You must, of course, understand that if you are engaged in marriage to a man, he has a claim upon you, and a degree of authority to question your associations. But if he carries it to the extreme of violence or threats, you should break the engagement at once, finally, or until he shall have come to his senses. Proper self-respect would demand this of you. Possibly if you had a sensible and kindly talk with him in relation to the matter, and the folly of expecting you to give up all your friends, he might behave more reasonably. At the same time, you should beware of doing anything that even looked the least like "flirting" with other gentlemen.

WILLIAM (St. Louis, Mo.,) writes: "I have fallen in love with a young lady. I do not know if my love is returned. She lives at some distance from the city and I cannot see her frequently, nor do I know what other company she keeps. What I wish to know is this: I am not at present in condition to marry. Would it be correct for me to ask her for her hand in marriage, or wait till my prospects brighten? What I fear is, if I delay, some one else may propose and be accepted—for which reason I am inclined to engage myself immediately, and then wait till I am able to marry. Please answer as soon as convenient, and tell me what you think I had best do." We do not see that there would be any harm in your proposing, and in engaging yourself to her in case you find that she returns your affection. We do not approve of very long engagements, as they often prove detrimental to the interests of both parties. But if you will be in a position to marry in a reasonable time, there is no special reason why you should not form an engagement. You had better speak of your intentions to the parents of the lady, and if they are satisfied, you can unfold your mind to your lady-love.

CARRIE S. (Arkansas) writes: "A gentleman acquaintance of mine, whom I have known for a considerable time, has written to me, and wishes me to keep up a correspondence with him, unknown to my family and friends. He is a respectable person, and is well known to my parents, and I don't think they would object to my corresponding with him. Now I wish to know if it would be right for me to keep up a secret correspondence under the circumstances? Could any harm come of it?" You are certainly unlearned in the ways of life, or you would not ask such a question. Secret correspondence is always dangerous, and may at any time be used to your disadvantage. You think your parents would not object. Ask them, and make yourself certain on this point. If you value your reputation do not think of obtaining into a clandestine correspondence; and do not trust the person who has asked you to do so.

M. B. (Philadelphia) asks: "Would there be any harm in my asking a young lady for her picture? She has had mine for some time, and I am anxious to have hers in return, yet am delicate about asking her for it. Please give me your advice on the subject in your next issue." How came she in possession of yours? Did she request it of you, or was it given her without being asked for? Even in the former case it would be a delicate matter to ask hers in return. As you are in doubt weather she would take it unless or not, you cannot expect that we, not knowing your relations of intimacy with her, can correctly advise you. You had, probably, better wait till you are more sure of your ground.

J. Q. A. (Twiney's Grove, Mo.) writes: "Having seen so many questions answered in your valuable paper, I will propose one or two. Suppose a young gentleman should meet a young lady whom he was not acquainted with, would it be proper for him to speak first, or wait for her to speak? Also, whose duty would it be to speak first if they were acquainted? By answering you will greatly oblige." In your first supposed case it certainly would not be proper for him to speak to the lady, and he would probably have to wait long for the lady to speak to him. There are, of course, circumstances in which the laws of etiquette may properly be suspended. In the case, for instance, of a lady being placed in an unpleasant or dangerous position, a gentleman may safely offer his assistance. It is best, however, not to make such an offer until it becomes plainly advisable, or until the lady, by look or word, implores assistance. If acquainted with the lady, a gentleman usually feels at perfect liberty to address her. But if the acquaintance be but a casual one, and it is doubtful if the lady desires it to continue, the gentleman should give her the opportunity of making the first advances. If meeting on the street, he should not speak until she has first acknowledged the acquaintance, by some sign of recognition. If she fails to do so he may consider that she wishes the acquaintanceship to end.

AUNTIE FRIZZLE asks: "What would you think of your neighbors sending to borrow your valuable weekly paper, every week, before you had finished reading it yourself, after having refused to join your club, although amply able to do so?" We should think that our neighbors were asking too much of *their* neighbor, and should be quite apt to give them to understand so. There are cases in which patience ceases to be a virtue, and this might well be classed among them. It is advisable for us all to cultivate a neighborly spirit, but if we feel that we are being imposed upon, proper self-respect should counsel us to resent the imposition. In your case we should kindly but firmly give the parties to understand that we needed the paper for our own use. Perhaps they will read this answer, and take a hint.

NATURE (Reading, Pa.,) writes: "Will you please inform me, and oblige a constant reader of the Post, how it is that we frequently see bushes covered with spider's webs after a shower, where none were visible before? Is there some effect produced by the falling moisture that induces the spiders to build, or how would you explain this peculiar circumstance? I have often been puzzled by observing it." If you had examined more closely you would have found that the webs were there before as well as after the rain. The rain drops, collecting on the minute webs, render them easily observable, so that countless webs appear to spring suddenly into existence.

RECEIPTS.

FINE LAUNDRYING WITH CARBOLIC SOAP.—Not a few ladies are so situated that they have neither conveniences for washing nor time to go through the usual processes even for the smallest articles, and yet are not in the neighborhood of any person to whom they can trust the doing up of laces and sheer muslins.

We have accidentally discovered how great help in such case is to be found in carbolic soap. A cake of the article as prepared for the toilet being in our soap dish, we one day put into a suds made from it a handful of laces and linen lawns, some of them quite yellow from long waiting, and being busily absorbed, thought no more about them until next day, when they were found to be entirely whitened and cleansed, and only needing to be rinsed to be ready for the starching.

This knowledge may be made available in the art of doing up nice laces, which any lady may learn if she has the time to attend to it, thus avoiding the necessity of sending them out to be done by those who make the business a profession.

Stretch over a wine bottle, or better, a well cleansed quart, stone ink jug, as it is of more uniform diameter, the leg of a soft, firm, fine, white cotton stocking and secure it well, by stitches. On this, wind the collar or band of lace to be cleansed, and then with fine needle and thread baste it carefully on the stocking, following with the needle all the scallops of the edge and catching down all the loops so they cannot get out of place in washing.

Set the bottle in a deep dish or tin pail of carbolic soap suds and let it remain twelve or twenty-four hours as the case may be. Rinse out the suds by holding the bottle under the hydrant or by moving it in a pail of clean water; let it partly drain off and then with a clean sponge or rag or even with the fingers, saturate the lace with a very weak solution of white, pulverized, gum Arabic in water.

When quite dry, rip off the lace, and if it is not as smooth as is desired, lay it under pressure between the blank leaves of a book, or if there is haste, it may be pressed with a warm flat iron between muslin lined flannels; but the whole process may be performed without any warm water or irons, and several steps in the ordinary mode of washing saved.

The suds may be thrown into the wash bowls to purify the drain pipes.

Whether it is safe to use carbolic soap freely in washing, if the hands must come a good deal in contact with it, is a question.

We have read in the papers of persons who applied the medicated soap for the cure of itch or other cutaneous diseases, and were poisoned thereby.

This might be the effect of throwing back into the system, by the use of the medicated article, as is often done by other medicines, a poison seeking its way out through the pores of the skin. It is always wise to be careful in the use of any active agent until it is well tested and proved to be safe.

AGRICULTURAL.

Animal Teaching.

We have numberless examples of the power attained by man over the animal creation, the most prominent of which are those exhibitions wherein wild or ferocious animals are rendered tame and manageable. But these generally have little utility, although they prove the truth of those words of inspiration: "For every kind of beasts and of birds and of serpents * * * is tamed and hath been tamed of mankind." Our domestic animals could all, without a solitary exception, be rendered more intelligent and thereby be made to bestow better, because more understanding service to their owners, if more attention were given to their proper teaching. Every one knew the horse to be possessed of a large amount of intelligence, but it was left for Rarey to demonstrate to what extent this could be cultivated, and how much his system had done to render this noble animal better fitted to serve the wants of mankind, few realize.

All farmers who have had any experience at all in rearing and training domestic animals, know the readiness with which they comprehend what is wanted of them, and how soon a little patience in teaching them is rewarded. Dogs are very tractable and are usually the recipients of more attention than is given to any other animal the companion of mankind. We remember an old friend who had a favorite dog he had learned to "sit" as is the custom of the Friends before partaking of meals. On giving him food and saying "Quaker," the dog would assume a most beseeching attitude with head reverently bowed, and upon hearing a light "ahem" from his master the dog would commence eating. Knowing horses are commonly met with, and it is a pity an animal possessing so large a share of intelligence, and so useful to man, is not made more serviceable by being better educated. Those who have seen Mrs. D'Arthenay handle her favorite colts "Young Fearnaught"—now a year old and for which $2,500 has been several times refused—and "Badger," have been astonished at the high degree of knowledge exhibited by colts six months old. When at this age both these colts were as completely "broke" as most colts at three and four years of age, being accustomed to the harness, knowing the reins completely, besides performing several little acts showing the effect of training, such as laying down when told to do so, stepping upon a high block, saying "yes" and "no," by motions of the head, &c. Swine have for ages been the type of ignorance and stupidity, but the results of persistent effort at teaching pigs have produced truly wonderful results. An intelligent writer in a recent number of Land and Water (London) gives a most interesting account of the learned pig of Bissett, and of the means employed to instruct him. It was sixteen months from the time Bissett began his efforts before he saw any signs whatever of approaching intelligence. Finally he trained the pig to be as docile and obedient as a spaniel, and it was taught to spell names, cast up accounts, tell exactly the hours, minutes and seconds, to kneel and make his obeisance to the company and do various other acts. Various other animals were taught to perform wonderful tricks.

Visiting a good farmer, we went with him to "feed the pigs." On approaching the pen, instead of jumping into the trough and tearing about in frantic style, as is almost universally the case, the pigs assumed an immovable attitude in the rear of the pen, only approaching the trough quietly after the food had been deposited therein. A very little training had accomplished this, and when it is reasonable to suppose the same amount would produce like results in other cases, it seems strange there are no more good mannered pigs.

Although the great majority of instances in training and teaching animals, birds, fishes, &c., are remarkable, yet they are not of a practically servic able kind in the interest of humanity. By them, however, we are made to believe that the same patience and perseverance, if employed by our farmers generally in their intercourse with the domestic animals of the farm, could be made to produce the most beneficial results.—*Maine Farmer.*

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 17, 4, 9, 8, 16, is a water fowl.
My 6, 14, 10, 15, 7, is a part of a building.
My 18, 2, 8, 17, 12, is a shade or color.
My 20, 18, 5, 12, 16, is one who receives.
My 11, 19, 1, is a man in the Bible.
My whole is a line from Tennyson.

AUNTIE FRIZZLE.

Riddle.

My first is in bees, but not in honey,
My second's in plum, but not in money;
My third is in mellow, but not in ripe,
My fourth is in meat, but not in tripe;
My fifth is in leave but not in go,
My sixth is in snow, but not in woe;
My whole has a rich and a sunny spell,
And soon it will bid us a long farewell.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

A Question.

What Scripture name is it that calls a boy and he answers his father?

INNISFAIL.

Word Square.

To boast.
A city.
Signifies "So be it."
A man.

Louisville, Ky. EDWARD WARD.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are young ladies fond of pastry-cook's shops? Ans.—Because it is the place to find *sweethearts* (sweet tarts.)

☞ Why do they sell up so much more of pears, peaches, and small fruits now than formerly? Ans.—Because they *can*.

☞ Why is a thundertorm like a fox? Ans.—Because it's a rain-hard (Reynard.)

☞ What invitation would be dangerous and disloyal to a soldier? Ans.—One asking him to dinner and *deserts*.

☞ When does the House of Representatives present one of the most ludicrous spectacles? Ans.—When its eyes (eyes) are on one side, and its nose (nose) on the other!

[At any rate some cheek goes on both sides.]

☞ After this delightful M. C. riddle, we beg you to state what three acts comprise the chief business of some women's lives? Ans.—Attr-act, contr-act, detr-act!

☞ What's the difference between a honeycomb and a honeymoon? Ans.—One consists of a number of small cells, the other of one great sell.

☞ If you wish a very religious man to go to sleep, by what imperial name should you address him? Ans.—Nap-holy-un.

☞ What sea would a man most like to be in on a wet day? Ans.—Adriatic.

[Of course a dry att ic without a hole in the roof, or, to mention another one, that would have made it a rainy-un in it. P.S.—Unnecessarily long word, "Mediterranean," as we don't suppose it's a bit more beautiful now than when it was spelt in only three letters, namely, E G an' C, (Ægean Sea).]

☞ Why is the tolling of a bell like the praying of a hypocrite? Ans.—Because it is a solemn sound by a thoughtless tongue.

Answers to Last.

CHARADE—Mosquito, moss, key, toe.
WORD SQUARE—

P I C K
I D E A
C E L L
K A L I

BIBLICAL SQUARE W[illegible]—

V I A L
I D D O
A D A I
L O R I